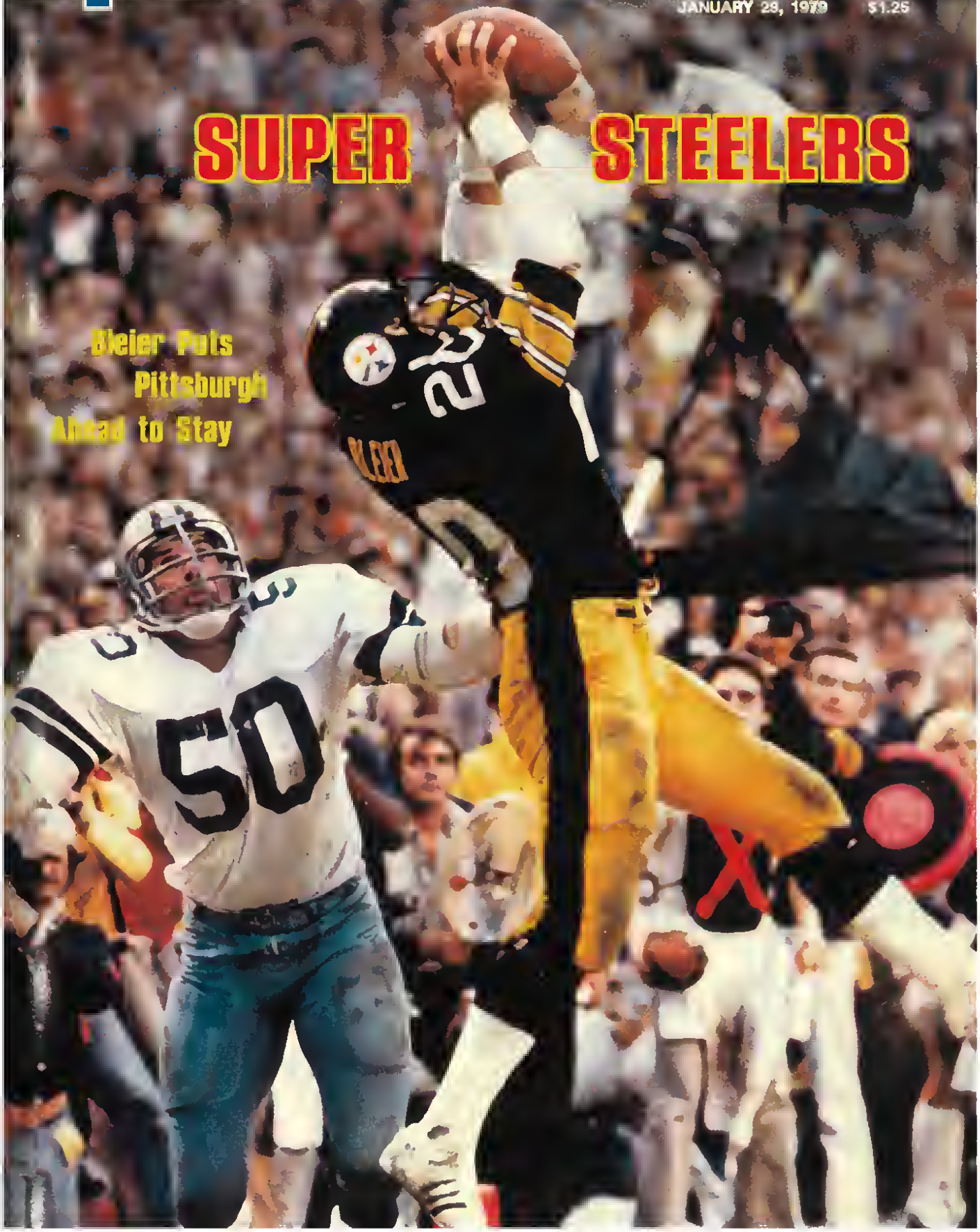
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SUPER STEELERS

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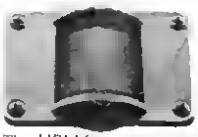
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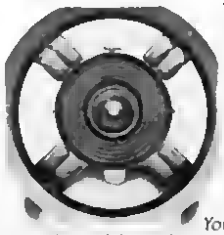


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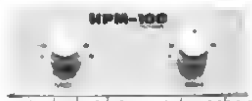
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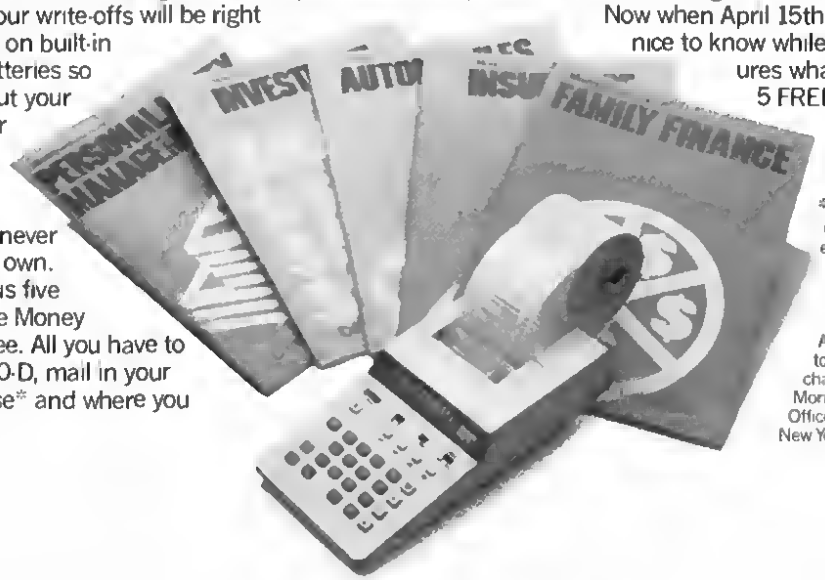


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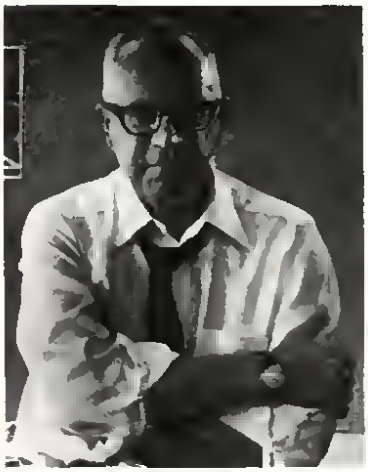
WHITE SANDS AND AZURE SEAS in the faraway Seychellas provide a backdrop for our swimsuit issue Fashion editor Jula Campbell and photographer Walter Iooss Jr reveal the new beachwear, while George Plimpton explores the exotic islands.

THE BIG BIRD and his flock are soaring. Larry Bird of Indiana State, the only unbeaten major-college basketball team, is not only the nation's top scorer but also the best player. Bruce Newman tells just how high Bird can be expected to go

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038 822X) is published weekly except semi weekly during the second full week in February and except two issues combined in one at year end by Time Inc 541 N Fairbanks Ct Chicago Ill 60611 principal office Rockefeller Ctr N Y N Y 10020 J R Shepley President, E P Lenahan Treasurer C B Bear Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash U S subscription $25 00 a year

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LAGUERRE AS SI's MANAGING EDITOR

Andre Laguerre, managing editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from 1960 to 1974, died of a heart attack last Thursday, Jan. 18, at the age of 63. For the last three years, until his retirement on Jan. 1, he had been editor and publisher of *Classic*, a bimonthly magazine he founded in 1975, but he was best known in journalistic circles for his long and distinguished career as a writer and editor with Time Inc.

Laguerre joined the company in 1946 as a European correspondent and later became chief of the TIME-LIFE news bureaus in Paris and London (for a time he ran both simultaneously, commuting back and forth). He had been a French soldier in World War II, taking part in the evacuation of Allied troops from Dunkirk. Back in England, where he had worked as a newspaperman before the war, he became press officer for General Charles de Gaulle and the Free French. After the war de Gaulle offered him a similar post with the new French government, but Laguerre returned to journalism. In postwar Paris, while covering international affairs for TIME and LIFE, he occasionally wrote sports stories for the Paris *Herald-Tribune* under the rather mystifying nom de plume of Eddie Snow.

His interest in sports led him in 1956 to cover the Winter Olympic Games in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and his bylined stories from Cortina were a major part of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's coverage of the games. Three months later, in May 1956, Henry Luce brought him to New York to become an assistant managing editor of the magazine.

To some it seemed a radical step to make a European (and a Frenchman, at that) an editor of an American sports magazine. But Laguerre was a cosmopolite, as much at home in America as he was abroad. He had lived for years in San Francisco, where his father had been in the French diplomatic service, and he was on familiar terms with American sports.

Laguerre was named managing editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in May 1960, and under his direction the magazine more than doubled its circulation. There is a recurring story that this came about because Laguerre changed our editorial approach from "country club" to "hard sport." But SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had long been paying close attention to the major sports. What Laguerre did was bring a high level of coherence and organization to the magazine's operation and appearance. He instituted a system of departmental editors, redesigned the internal format of the magazine, emphasized the importance of fast-closing news stories each week and fostered the unprecedented use in a newsmagazine of full-color photographic coverage of the week's sports events. He was also one of the first to sense the rise of national interest in professional football and give full attention to that burgeoning sport

He was a strong editor and a powerful personality. No one else ever served as long as managing editor of a Time Inc. publication. We shall miss him.

Peter Sutton



SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

SUITING UP

The curtain has risen on a courtroom drama that could result in a precedent making colleges legally responsible for educating their athletes. A few weeks ago seven former basketball players from California State University at Los Angeles filed a suit for $14 million in punitive damages against the school. The suit is based on 10 causes of action, from breach of contract to fraud.

Essentially, the seven, none of whom ever graduated, claim that not only were they not given anything resembling an education at Cal State but that they are now being told they are obligated to pay for it because what they thought were scholarships were only loans.

Cal State has until the first week in March to make a response in court and until then there will be no word from that quarter. But the lawyer for the plaintiffs, Michele Washington of the Western Center on Law and Poverty, is willing to state the case as she sees it: the relationship of a scholar-athlete to his school and that school to the NCAA is a contractual one. The nature of that contract is that the college has a responsibility to provide and encourage education within its programs.

"The players got no education," says Washington. "They were discouraged from taking real courses and actually denied reasonable access to university services. They got nothing back for what they gave."

MAN BITES DOG

Mark Twain wrote: "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

As if to prove Twain right once and for all, the New York Racing Association plans to ban all dogs from the backstretch at Belmont, Aqueduct and Saratoga, beginning March 1, because 1) they run around loose and bite people and pester maintenance men, causing the maintenance men to lose eight man-hours a week, and 2) they scare horses and cause accidents that result in insurance claims and lawsuits against the NYRA. The fact that they are also faithful night watchdogs and beloved companions to horse and man cuts no ice with racing officialdom.

As Mrs. Allaire duPont, the lady who owns Kelso, said to Russ Harris of the New York *Daily News* recently, "Dogs have been with horses ever since there have been dogs and horses . . Kelso had a little dog with him for 15 years and he was so fond of that dog that he grieved for him when the dog died."

We're with Kelso.

MR. COLGATE

Buried in the financial pages last week was an item that would have been bigger news in the sports section. Colgate-Palmolive's chairman and chief executive officer, David R. Foster, 58, has resigned because of failing health.

Foster, English by birth and persuasion, though his parents were American, introduced Colgate to sports and in doing so made his and Colgate's names synonymous with big money in golf and tennis.

According to a Colgate spokesperson, "All of our sports events are continuing; there are no changes in the works. The tournaments have always been good business, and as long as they continue to be, we all expect them to continue."

But corporate turnovers often mean policy turnovers, and it will be a long time before the powers in golf and tennis stop listening for the other shoe to drop.

A TOUCH OF THE POET

The University of San Francisco basketball team was crushed by Notre Dame, 88–69, one night last week. Doug Jemison, a USF forward, explained it this way to Frank Cooney of the *San Francisco Examiner*.

"We had to take a bus from Chicago to South Bend because no planes were landing, but the bus broke down halfway and we had to hitch a ride on another bus, standing all the way while Notre Dame students sat down. We got to the Quality Inn six hours late without luggage and found the hotel didn't have any heat. It was 17 below zero outside, and I swear it was colder inside. We slept in our clothes. I put on two sets of sweat suits over my clothes. I put myself to sleep counting the little puffs of steam coming out of my mouth. The maintenance man told me this was the reason Notre Dame wins all its games at home. He said teams freeze at the Quality Inn and then go out on the court and play like frozen robots. He said he thought it was a conspiracy, and I'm not sure he's not right."

NON-U

When press releases reached newspapers across the country announcing that Cadwallader University in Bunkerville, Nev. was conferring honorary degrees on Henry Ford II, David Hartman, Vice-President Mondale, Robert Merrill, Dolly Parton and basketball player Bernard



King, reporters who had never heard of either Cadwallader or Bunkerville took to their phones. They discovered that though Bunkerville is real, Cadwallader is not, and the whole thing was invented by Columbia Pictures publicity people to stir up a commotion over a movie called *Fast Break*.

Columbia's lawyers called a halt to the prank when the publicity office was deluged with calls from students requesting admission forms. Before the flacks folded their tent, however, they fired off one more release. This one said that Cadwallader, "in the spirit of international

continued

friendship," had offered an athletic scholarship to Mu (no other name, just Mu), a 7′ center from the People's Republic of China.

Mu, the athletic director was quoted as saying, "would add a new dimension to the Cadwallader attack" and "help clog up the middle."

HIGH SOCIETY

The illegal drug of the moment in horse racing is Sublimaze, a chemical compound created to alleviate postoperative pain. In humans Sublimaze not only eases pain, it also produces pronounced euphoria. When rumors reached the backstretch that it would do the same for horses, enabling the lame to run, and, more important, making them feel like racing, the rush to the drug was on.

As the use of Sublimaze increased, scientists at Cornell's College of Veterinary Medicine set to work figuring out ways to detect it. Dr. George Maylin, director of the school's drug-testing and research program, said last week, "A test for Sublimaze has been in existence for two years, but it took years and thousands of dollars to figure out a test that would stand up in a court of law."

The search ended last September. A definitive test for Sublimaze has already resulted in the suspension of several trainers at tracks across the country. A byproduct of Cornell's research was the surprising news that Sublimaze is not all it was cracked up to be. At the doses rumored to be used, the analgesic effects of the drug, said Maylin, "are potent in humans, markedly less so in horses."

No sooner does Cornell find a test that discourages the use of one drug, however, than another one pops up. It seems to be the nature of the racing business. Maylin and other concerned horse-industry officials believe that the solution lies in trackside labs where samples can be tested *before* as well as after a race. Not only would the labs act as visible deterrents, Maylin says, but also horses that test positive could be disqualified before they are raced.

"Because the results of the test [taken two hours before the race] would be available while the animal was in a secure area," Maylin says, "the animal could be isolated and resampled for confirmatory or independent testing if necessary."

The facilities and the experts to operate them are available. The money can be found. What is needed to maintain the integrity of the sport and the goodwill of the betting fan is the cooperation of the nation's tracks.

RSVP

Revenge is sweet, and golfer John Mahaffey is getting a taste of it. A year ago, when Mahaffey had lost his exemption after a long siege of injuries and bad luck, he wrote letters to dozens of tournaments asking for one of the eight spots in every field known as sponsor's exemptions. Some wrote back and said yes. Others wrote back and said, sorry, we're filled up. Others did not reply at all.

Now Mahaffey is making up his schedule for 1979 and the shoe is on the other foot. As PGA champion and winner of the Bob Hope Desert Classic, the first tournament of the year, Mahaffey is a hot property and therefore in a position to make his absence felt.

"Those tournaments that wrote me back last year to say they were sorry but they'd given out all their exemptions, I won't discriminate against them," he said last week. "But the ones that didn't even bother to write me back, didn't have that courtesy, well, they won't see me."

MISTRIAL

College basketball fans who were befuddled by the absence of jump balls after the opening tip-off, in the Arkansas-North Carolina game two weeks ago, would have been further confused by the goings-on at the start of last week's Arkansas-Texas A&M game. Aggie Coach Shelby Metcalf sent 5′ 11″ Dave Goff out to jump against 6′ 11″ Steve Schall. Arkansas won the tip, of course, which is just what Metcalf wanted.

All of this is an experiment, begun in the Southwest Conference last season and extended this year to the Atlantic Coast Conference, by the NCAA's basketball rules committee. The committee had tired of listening to complaints from coaches about refs who couldn't toss the ball up straight. It decided to try eliminating all jump balls except the opener and giving the team that loses the opening tip possession of the ball out of bounds to start the second half. Metcalf had figured it mathematically, he said. "The team that wins the opening tip has a 1-in-4 chance of getting an extra possession. So does the team that gets the first possession of the second half. I'd rather have it in the second half."

As for tie-ups that would normally result in a jump ball, possession is awarded to the two teams on an alternating basis. The team whose turn it is puts the ball in play with an in-bounds pass.

The system can produce interesting tactics such as Metcalf's, but it also produces some lousy basketball. The trouble is, the team with the better defense is penalized, especially in the closing minutes of a close game. Those who watched Arkansas play North Carolina saw Razorback U. S. Reed tie up the Tar Heels' Jimmy Black with less than three minutes to play and Carolina leading by six points. It was a deft bit of defense in a crucial situation, but it did the Razorbacks no good because it was Carolina's turn to get the ball.

In the matter of the jump ball, straight thinking is even more desirable than straight tossing right now. For the good of a good game, why not declare the no-jump experiment a failure and try a clinic in tossing for referees instead?

NAME OF THE GAME

When the Major Indoor Soccer League began its season in December, the promoters promised a harder-hitting, faster-paced, more exciting game. With the season now more than one-third over, the statistics would seem to be bearing them out. In the first 20 MISL games there was an average of 11.85 goals scored per game. The season average for the North American Soccer League last year was 3.4.

Indoor soccer has a field half the size of a regulation field; hence, many more shots are taken. Houston's Summit Soccer of the MISL, for instance, has averaged 50 shots per game. A league P.R. man boasts, truthfully, that indoor soccer "leaves the midfield out in the cold."

Lively it is. Quick it is (60 minutes rather than 90). Small it is (small field, small goal, small team). But is it soccer?

THEY SAID IT

- Gordon Beard, Associated Press sports editor in Baltimore, on the proliferation of NFL playoff teams: "If Pete Rozelle had been in charge during World War II, Germany and Japan would still be in the running, and Ethiopia would have been a wild-card finalist."
- Marvin Barnes, Boston Celtic forward, on how he managed to earn so many college credits while in prison. "There was no place I could go to cut classes." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 29, 1979

WHAT A PASSING



For three quarters and almost six minutes of the fourth last Sunday, Super Bowl XIII, which Pittsburgh wound up winning 35–31, was everything professional football's championship game is supposed to be, but rarely is. It had the NFL's two best teams, the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Dallas Cowboys, doing amazing things in heroic—and sometimes haphazard, even peculiar—fashion on the damp Orange Bowl turf.

It had Tony Dorsett scuttling around and through the Steelers on the game's first drive only to have the Cowboys fumble away the ball on an ill-conceived, triple hand-off gadget play that was supposed to end with a pass thrown by Quarterback Roger Staubach.

It had Terry Bradshaw passing the Steelers to a quick 7–0 lead on a 28-yard lob to John Stallworth in the end zone at the end of a bang-bang 53-yard drive. It had Bradshaw losing the ball on a fumble, and then three plays later Staubach combining with Tony Hill on a 39-yard touchdown-pass play that tied the score at 7–7 on the last play of the first quarter. It had Bradshaw, after recovering his own fumble in the backfield, being sandwiched by linebackers Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson and Mike Hegman, with Henderson pinning Bradshaw's arms while Hegman pickpocketed the ball and ran 37 yards for a touchdown and a 14–7 Dallas lead. It had Bradshaw complaining that his left shoulder was sore and being told by a team doctor that it might be separated.

It had Bradshaw immediately returning to the game and throwing a short first-down pass to the ubiquitous Stallworth,

continued

Bradshaw and Stallworth hooked up for two TDs, this first one putting Pittsburgh in front 7–0

PARADE!

The leader of the band of Steelers who defeated the Cowboys 35–31 in Super Bowl XIII was Terry Bradshaw, who strutted his stuff by throwing for four touchdowns

by DAN JENKINS



who turned it into a 75-yard touchdown play as Dallas Cornerback Aaron Kyle, who had been burned on the first touchdown, missed a tackle. It had Bradshaw sending Pittsburgh to the locker room with a 21–14 halftime lead by lofting a seven-yard pass to a leaping Rocky Bleier in the end zone.

Then, in the third quarter, it had Dallas, suddenly starting to look like the better team, all set to tie the score at 21–21, only to have Tight End Jackie Smith—with nary a Steeler in sight—drop Staubach's eminently catchable pass in the end zone. The Cowboys had to settle for Rafael Septien's 27-yard field goal.

And now, six minutes into the fourth quarter, the Steelers were desperately clinging to a 21–17 lead—the same score, incidentally, by which they had defeated the Cowboys in Super Bowl X in Miami—and Bradshaw was dropping back and, under pressure, hoisting the football into one of Lynn Swann's holding patterns 33 yards downfield. Swann and Dallas Cornerback Benny Barnes were chasing the ball in relatively close file, with Barnes slightly in the lead, when Barnes slipped or tripped or stumbled and fell. Swann tripped over Barnes and fell, stretching out vainly for Bradshaw's pass at the Dallas 23-yard line.

Field Judge Fred Swearingen threw his yellow flag. To those who saw it live, the pass play looked to be a case of two players bumping and tripping over each other. That is the way Swearingen apparently saw it, too, but his flag meant one of two things: *offensive* pass interference on Swann for tripping Barnes, or *defensive* pass interference on Barnes for tripping Swann.

The call was against Barnes, and Pittsburgh had a first down. Four plays later, Franco Harris crashed up the middle on a 22-yard trap play to put the Steelers ahead 28–17, and there were only seven minutes to go. If that turn of events demoralized the Cowboys, what happened on the ensuing kickoff shattered them.

Dallas inexplicably stationed Defensive Tackle Randy White, who was playing with a cast on his fractured left thumb, in the middle of the field near the 25-yard line as Roy Gerela prepared to kick off. Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll



P.10

On the 75-yard play that tied the game at 14–14, Stallworth took a pass from Bradshaw, artfully dodged Kyle and outraced everyone to the end zone





had called Gerela to the sideline for a brief conference following Gerela's successful conversion, and told him to kick deep. But Gerela slipped and his kick bounced directly to the 250-pound White, who had no clear idea what to do with it. He half fumbled and half lateraled the ball, only to have it wind up in the hands of Pittsburgh's Dennis (Dirt) Winston at the Dallas 18.

Before Tom Landry could even grimace, Bradshaw—who enjoyed his most productive day as a pro, throwing for 318 yards and four touchdowns, both Super Bowl records—fired a first-down pass into the end zone that Swann leaped high and plucked from out of the night, as only he can. And the riskiest Super Bowl of them all was a rout, with the Steelers leading 35–17. The elapsed time between the two touchdowns was 19 seconds.

Staubach then rallied the Cowboys against Pittsburgh's obviously relaxed defense. He threw a seven-yard touchdown pass to Billy Joe DuPree at the end of an 89-yard drive, which was highlighted by Tony Dorsett's 29-yard run. After Dallas recovered an on-side kick, Staubach

continued

Harris' 22-yard burst through the middle (above) put Pittsburgh ahead 28–17, when Stellworth and Swann were covered. Bradshaw threw to Grossman

P.11





Henderson wrapped up Bradshaw, Hegmen stole the ball and Dallas led 14–7



Hill thrilled Cowboy fans when he teamed with Staubach on the 39-yard

passed four yards for a touchdown to a wide-open Butch Johnson. With the score now 35–31 and 22 seconds to play, Dallas would have one last chance if it recovered another on-side kick. But Septien kicked the ball squarely to Bleier, who fell on it on the Dallas 45, and a disgruntled Bradshaw ran out the clock.

"Our guys started celebrating when it was 35–17," Bradshaw said later, "and it made me mad. They were slapping hands and shaking hands and saying how great it was. But it wasn't so great, because the game wasn't over."

Quite naturally, there were three versions of what happened on the controversial interference call on Barnes.

Barnes: "He [Swann] shoved me, knocked me down and tripped over me. When I saw the flag, I was mad, damn right. It was the closest I'll ever come to punching an official, I guess. I cussed him. I think he must have known he was wrong, because normally when you cuss an official, you get penalized."

Swearingen: "It was a judgment call. The two players bumped before the ball was even close to them. They were both looking back and the defender went to the ground. The Pittsburgh receiver, in trying to get the ball, was tripped by the defender's feet."

Swann: "I believe Barnes did interfere. But I'm not sure, because I wasn't in a po-

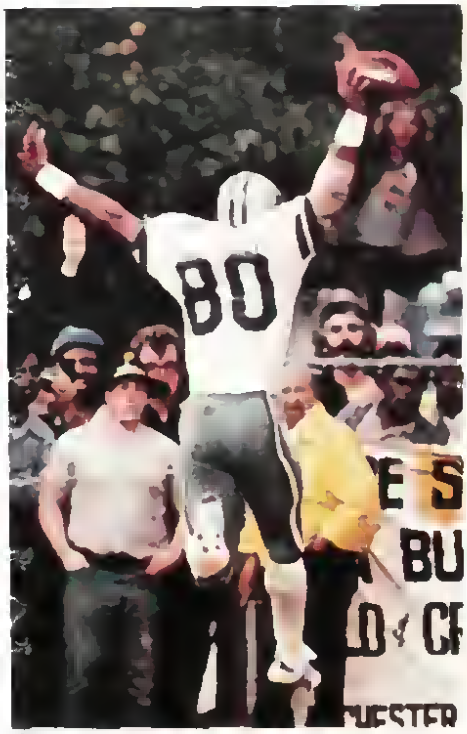
P. 12

White proved that a broken-thumbed defensive tackle just can't return kicks



After dropping the pass for the TD that would have tied the score 21–21





play that tied the score at 7–7 in the first quarter.



Dorsett displayed disdain for Pittsburgh's feared Steel Curtain, gaining 96 yards on 15 carries.

sition to see. I know I didn't push off of him, and I was tripped. It was a very important play. If we hadn't scored right after that, we'd be in the locker room right now, and the Cowboys would be doing all of the interviews."

Besides Bradshaw's arm and his superb receivers (Stallworth, who did not play in the second half because of a muscle cramp, caught three passes for 115 yards and his two touchdowns; Swann caught seven for 124 yards and his score), the other thing that helped defeat the Cowboys was the touchdown they blew late in the third quarter, which would have tied the score at 21–21. Smith, the marvelous old former St. Louis Cardinal whom Dallas had called out of retirement in September, flat-out dropped Staubach's pass in the end zone.

The play came from Landry, and it was an inspired call. The ball was on the Pittsburgh 10, third and three. Landry sent in an extra tight end. Smith, indicating a run. Dallas lined up with Scott Laidlaw as a single setback and Dorsett went in motion to his right. But instead of handing off to Laidlaw or passing in the flat to Dorsett, the most likely eventualities, Staubach threw over the middle to the 38-year-old Smith who was wide open. However, the ball was low and slightly behind Smith. Staubach says he threw it too softly, and that that's why Smith, who was on his knees, dropped it.

"He was so open I could have punted

continued

Smith was so angry he could have kicked himself



The turning point came when Swearingen dropped his flag on Barnes for interfering with Swann



it to him," said Staubach sorrowfully.

Smith could only say, "It was a beautiful play that Coach Landry conceived. When I slipped, I guess I was just trying to be overcautious, and that's why I dropped it."

For Pittsburgh, nobody dropped anything that mattered. Stallworth's two touchdown pass plays were very different, and they both say something about Bradshaw. The first was a cunning 28-yard beauty—the Steelers call it "One Eleven Out"—that Bradshaw thought would take advantage of Kyle on Stallworth, man-for-man, and it did. Stallworth got behind Kyle and caught the ball easily in the end zone.

The second came at what might be described as a mildly opportune time: in the second quarter, after the Cowboys had taken their 14–7 lead by virtue of the Brink's job that Henderson and Hegman had performed on Bradshaw. Bad shoulder or no bad shoulder, Bradshaw was right back running for his life again. This time he found Stallworth at the Pittsburgh 35. Stallworth shook off a glancing blow by Kyle—more or less a flesh wound—and, using a couple of blocks and his

MY, HOW YOU DO RUN ON AND ON

One of Dallas Linebacker Thomas (Hollywood) Henderson's many prophecies about the Super Bowl was that Dallas would score 31 points. Henderson was right, of course. As for how many points he thought the Steelers would score, Hollywood said he was "thinking goose egg." Hollywood was wrong, of course—by 35 points.

Henderson's verbiage spewed forth nonstop all last week, and not by accident. Self-promotion has always been his game; in fact, it was he who gave himself the nickname Hollywood. "It's time to talk and I'm talking," Henderson said upon his arrival in Florida. "Do you want another one of those dumb football players who says, 'Uh, we're going out there, uh, and we're going to play as hard as we can, uh?' I'm doing everybody a favor. I'm getting some people to hate me. I'm getting some people to love me. I'm getting some excitement going around here."

That he did. While Dallas Coach Tom Landry put the press to sleep with his explanations of the Flex Defense, and while Pittsburgh Quarterback Terry Bradshaw talked about his wife's ice-skating career, the 25-year-old Henderson became the darling of large portions of the media simply by refusing to zip his lip. For those enamored with loudmouths, Henderson's harangues were the best thing that happened to Super Bowl week since that night in 1969 when another loudmouth flat out guaranteed that the 18-point underdog New York Jets would beat the Baltimore Colts.

Henderson said that "Bradshaw's so dumb he couldn't spell cat if you spotted him the 'c' and the 'a.' " Noting that Steeler Linebacker Jack Lambert no longer has his two front teeth, Henderson called him "Dracula" one day and "a toothless chimpanzee" the next. Henderson wrote off Randy Grossman, Pittsburgh's starting tight end in the absence of injured Bennie Cunningham, as "a backup . . . who only plays when someone dies or breaks a leg or something." And Henderson thought that Steeler Defensive End L. C. Greenwood had some nerve calling himself "Hollywood Bags"—whatever that means—when the "whole world knows there is only one Hollywood in the NFL—me."

At times Henderson even chided the media he was courting. When reporters addressed him as Tom, he always corrected them with "Thomas." Why? "I have a niece and I don't want her to grow up calling me 'Uncle Tom.' "

Henderson doesn't try to hide the motive for his loquacity; he hopes that his motorized mouth will help him become a household name and, better still, a hot commercial property. ("But I haven't even heard from Oscar Mayer yet," he says.)

Indeed, money is the root of Thomas Henderson's football career. Raised in poverty in Austin, Texas, Henderson says he took up football because he was "broke and had to try to figure out something to do to make money." He was a walk-on at Langston University, near Oklahoma City, and even then he was brash.

According to one story, Henderson used to meet the buses bringing opposing teams to Langston, board them and announce, "I'm Thomas Henderson and I'm gonna kick your butts." Says a Langston coach, "Thomas was such a big shot that even his own guys were taking cheap shots at him in practice." Another story involves a Sammy Davis Jr. performance at Langston when Henderson was a student. After the show, Henderson presented Davis with an autographed picture of Thomas Henderson.

The Cowboys made Henderson a surprise No. 1 draft choice in 1975, but in his first two years he did not live up to his self-promotion. "I wasn't smart," he says. "I was cocky. I knew they wouldn't cut me, because I was a No. 1 draft choice, so I didn't work. I didn't care. I couldn't count the number of times I fell asleep in meetings. And I had trouble with the Cowboy system. At Langston we just played a '5–2, Sic 'em,' but the Cowboys had a Britannica playbook."

Last season Henderson finally began to apply himself. He won the strong side linebacker job in training camp, and later was rewarded with a lucrative five-year contract.

In the disciplined Cowboy system, Henderson is the least consistent linebacker, but he often comes up with big plays, as he did on Sunday when he helped fellow linebacker Mike Hegman strip the ball from Bradshaw, Hegman running it in for a Dallas touchdown and a short-lived 14–7 lead.

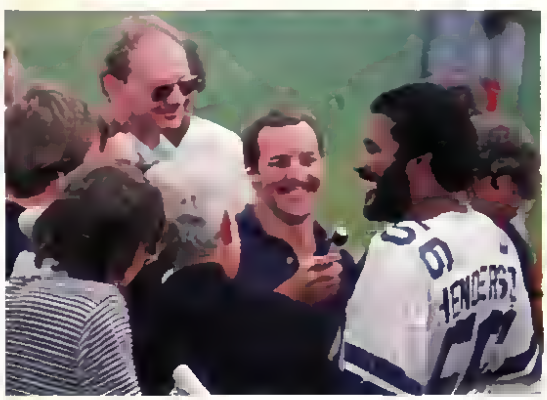
Henderson is not, as he claims, the game's best linebacker, but he isn't as bad as Steeler Coach Chuck Noll implied when Noll answered a question about Henderson's boasts by saying, "Empty barrels make the most noise."

The bottom line on Henderson is that he made the Pro Bowl squad this season, and voting for the teams is done by NFL players and coaches, not the public or members of the press.

Henderson played a commendable game against the Steelers, and also exchanged heated words with both Franco Harris and Mean Joe Greene; on a play following Harris' discussion with Henderson on the general subject of hitting after the whistle, Harris burst up the middle on his 22-yard touchdown run.

Afterward, Henderson held court for the last time. He said he had worked so hard against the Steelers that he felt "on the verge of a heart attack." To prove how physical he had been, he displayed two badly swollen hands. Trouble was, the hands were swollen because Hollywood had taped his wrists too tightly.

—JOE MARSHALL



Hollywood voiced his opinion on everything

Harris was in no hurry to bring Swann down to earth as they celebrated his fourth-quarter TD

speed, outran everybody for the score.

Earlier, in what was as wildly exciting a first half as two good teams have ever played, in or out of the Super Bowl, the Cowboys had done something no other club had achieved against the Steelers all season. They scored a touchdown in the first quarter.

Granted, it was on the last play, when Staubach connected with Hill, but Dallas already had hinted very strongly that it could move the football and, surprisingly, that it could move it on the ground, most notably with Dorsett, who gained a tough 96 yards on 15 carries, running traps and misdirected sweeps.

The Cowboys received the opening kickoff and moved downfield for big yardage and a first down at the Steeler 34 when, perhaps ill-advisedly, Landry sent in the double reverse which Pearson fumbled and Steeler Tackle John Banaszak recovered.

All game long, though, it was Bradshaw who was the dominant presence, who was mainly responsible for turning XIII into the best Super Bowl game of all as well as the highest-scoring. It was Bradshaw who took ferocious licks from a Dallas defense that sacked him four times. It was Bradshaw who kept playing with an injured shoulder. It was Bradshaw who kept finding Swann and Stallworth and Tight End Randy Grossman just when he needed them. And it was Bradshaw who escaped a Cowboy rush and improvised the touchdown pass to Bleier that put the Steelers ahead to stay 21–14 just before halftime.

Bradshaw had driven the Steelers to the Dallas seven, principally on passes of 29 and 21 yards to Swann, and now he faced third down. Bradshaw called a pass-run option play and sprinted to his right. Hemmed in by the Cowboys—and with no place to go—Bradshaw finally spotted Bleier in the end zone. Bleier leaped high to catch Bradshaw's pass behind Linebacker D. D. Lewis.

"Today I relaxed, felt good and had fun," said Bradshaw, who was the unanimous choice for MVP. "I had a little bit of a lackadaisical attitude. I didn't want to get uptight. I don't need anyone telling me how great or how smart I am, or how smart I'm not. I just tried to go out there and help win a football game."

Which he did—and how. **END**





Nehemiah ran a world-record dead heat with Foster on Friday night, then went skimming over the 55-meter hurdles in a solo record 6.88 on Saturday

WEEKEND OF THE DAUNTLESS DUOS

Always keen in indoor track, in this pre-Olympic year rivalries have grown extra hot. Last week, world-record hurdlers Renaldo Nehemiah and Greg Foster led a parade of peerless pairs **by RAY KENNEDY and ANITA VERSCHOTH**

The P.R. man was exhorting Greg Foster to whoop it up for the photographers. "Hey! Wow! Exciting!" he said. "You just broke a world record! Show some en-thu-si-asm!" But Foster, arguably the world's best hurdler last year, seemed more intent on verifying the results of his most recent race. "Aw, c'mon now, smile!" the drumbeater pleaded. "Do some*thing*." Finally, reluctantly, the UCLA junior relented. Let it here be recorded that last Friday night, shortly after his spectacular showing in the 60-yard hurdles at the Spectrum in the Philadelphia Track Classic, Greg Foster, the devout stoic, treated his admirers to a full-fledged grin.

Foster's concern about the official results was well founded. After studying a photo of the finish for about 20 minutes, the judges agreed that, yes indeed, coming off the final hurdle in a patented move that was more lunge than lean, Renaldo Nehemiah, the teen-age sensation from the University of Maryland—and last year's other No. 1—had propelled himself into a dramatic dead heat with Fos-

ter in the world-record time of 6.95. Since the introduction of automatic clocking, it was the first time that any hurdler, much less two in the same race, had broken the seven-second barrier.

The judges' ruling prompted Foster to get off his second big emotion-packed gesture of the evening, a so-what-else-is-new shrug. "I knew Renaldo was right next to me," he said. How had he known? "Heck, he's *always* right next to me." Clapping an arm around Foster, Nehemiah echoed, "We can't get away from each other. Really, I couldn't have a better person to run against. We're going to push each other to some really fast times."

It was the second time the two had met this indoor season. In the first meeting, at the Muhammad Ali Games in Long Beach, Calif., Nehemiah had won in a hand-timed 7.5 over 60 meters, while Foster had finished third. One week later, in College Park, Md., on his home track and without his West Coast rival to contend with, Nehemiah had lowered his 60-yard record from 7.07 to 7.02. "I know I can get under seven seconds," he said then, "if there is someone to push me." Nehemiah knew who would be happy to provide that pressure.

Sure enough, at the Spectrum on Friday night, Foster pressured both Nehemiah and himself past the seven-second barrier. Though he has a reputation as a slow starter, Foster was out of the blocks first, and Nehemiah had to play catch-up, mowing down the second hurdle in his eagerness. "He ran a terrible race," said Nehemiah's coach, Frank Costello. "I was shocked," said Nehemiah. "Greg isn't known for his indoor racing." One thing was certain: after that splendid come-from-behind lunge for a share of the record, Nehemiah would not be complacent the next time he faced Foster.

That matchup came the very next evening at the Olympic Invitational in New York's Madison Square Garden. There, Nehemiah ran more to form. After two false starts, the second of which was charged to Foster, Nehemiah blasted to his third straight world record and his second of the weekend. "I was lucky that the first two starts didn't count, because I wasn't ready," Nehemiah said afterward. "On the third, I was right there, right in front of Greg."

"I got out a lot slower," said Foster, "because I couldn't risk being called again and thrown out of the race." Unchallenged, Nehemiah breezed to the finish in 6.88—an even more impressive record than the 6.95 set at Philadelphia the night before because the race was at 55 meters, 5.35 inches longer than 60 yards. Foster, straining to overcome his poor start, crashed into the third hurdle and never did regain his composure. Over the fifth and last hurdle he stumbled headlong and tumbled across the finish. Auburn's James Walker tripped over the sprawling hurdler, crashed head-first into a wall and sat dazed on the floor.

Despite their Destruction Derby finish, Foster was second in 7.09 and Walker third in 7.22. Surely this had been a perfect race for Nehemiah? "No race is perfect," he said. "You always go for a better time. Out there alone tonight I had to keep my composure. That's where you show perfection."

The two East Coast meets last weekend were not only a crucible in which Nehemiah and Foster were tested, they also brought together the finest indoor sprinters in the country. In 1977 Steve Riddick had won 15 of 16 sprints. Then last year Houston McTear set five world records, winning all his races but one—and in that event he was disqualified for two false starts. At this year's first major meet in Long Beach, Harvey Glance, the 21-year-old Auburn senior, got his spikes in the door by winning the 60 meters in 6.62, ahead of Riddick and World Cup winner Steve Williams. Then at Philadelphia last week Riddick came from behind McTear to win the 60 yards in 6.16. The jubilant Riddick raised his right arm in victory, a familiar gesture on the boards two years ago, but one the big sprinter didn't have much reason to display last year.

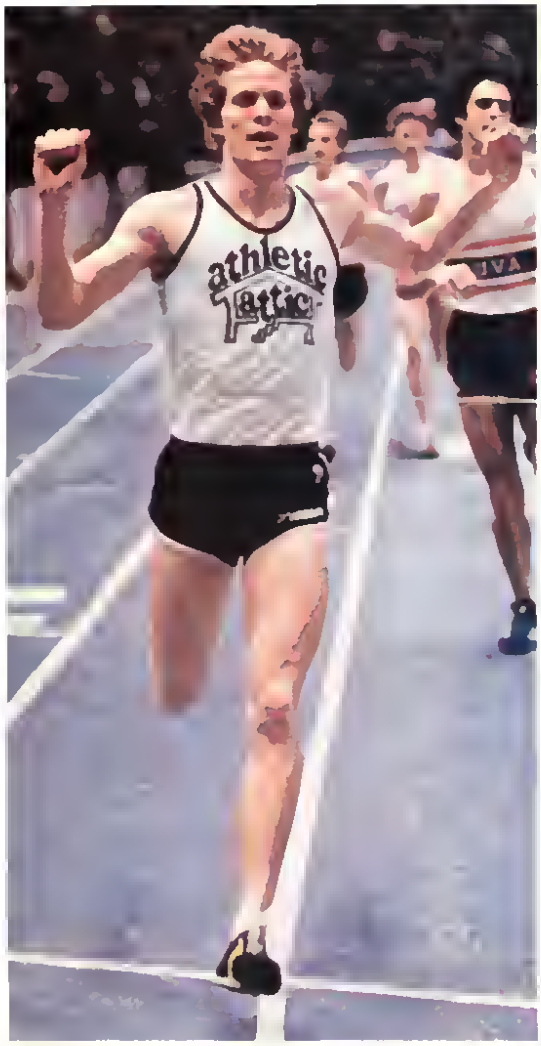
"I only won twice indoors last season," Riddick said. "And I haven't beaten Houston since 1977. I've been reading a lot of stories lately saying I'm getting old, and I feel slightly insulted. I'm 27, and I don't think that's getting old; I'm getting better. I'm still learning. This was a great race for me. Houston was out of the blocks first, but I was right there with him at 30 yards. He would have to have a 2½-yard lead at that point to beat me."

In New York the 55-meter sprint field was even more formidable. Besides Riddick and McTear, Glance and Williams were entered. Williams could not make the finals. After a first in his heat, Glance

continued



Nehemiah and Foster may attend schools a continent apart, but on the track they stick together



Belger doubled overnight in the 1,000 and 800.

powered from behind in the finals to win in 6.17 over McTear (6.20) and Riddick (6.23) and establish himself as 1979's fastest human pro tem.

"Obviously, I am particularly happy about this race," said Glance, "because I think I've been running in the shadows of Williams, Riddick and McTear for too long. Finally, Harvey Glance has arrived. Over the long run, I would have to admit that McTear is probably the most consistent indoor sprinter in the world, but Harvey Glance is right behind him. At 40 meters McTear was the clear leader, but over the last five meters I surged, which is my style. I ran, I think, a near-perfect race." Glance relishes tough competition as much as Nehemiah and Foster. "We can't really be enemies," he said. "If Houston gets better, it gives me incentive. Without each other, we could become stagnant. With this classy a field, it will be difficult to make the Olympic team, but, write it down, Harvey Glance will be there."

The weekend put still another pair of intense competitors under tight scrutiny, Francie Larrieu and Jan Merrill. A good deal of heat has been generated in the long rivalry between the country's top women middle-distance runners. Merrill has chosen to withdraw from the glare of publicity in which Larrieu thrives, and they are not particularly friendly. Still, like the sprinters, they need one another to bring out their best competitive efforts. Merrill holds the American outdoor record for 1,500 meters at 4:02.6, Larrieu the indoor mark at 4:09.8.

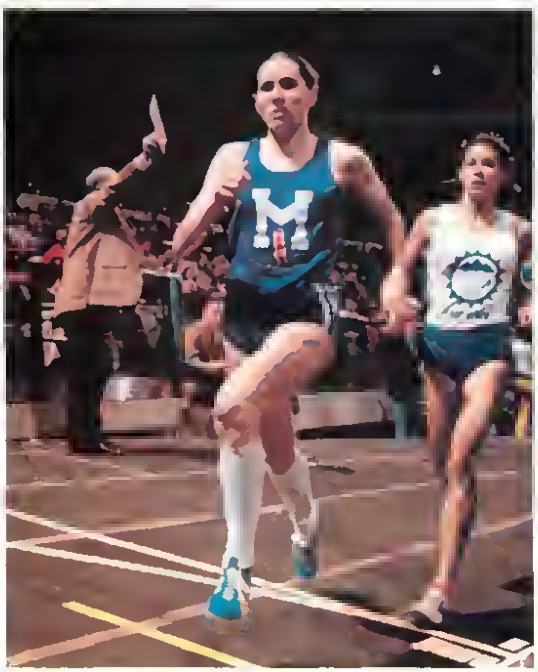
Last fall Larrieu moved to Austin, Texas, following her coach, Preston Davis, and began a rigorous training regime. She had divorced her husband, the former sprinter Mark Lutz. Once again, at 26, she seemed to have rededicated herself to running. Logging 70 miles a week, she shed the 15 pounds she had put on, slimming down to an even 100 pounds.

She felt fit and confident last Saturday in New York for this year's opening duel with Merrill. It was Merrill's first important indoor meet of the season, and, as she had done the previous year at the Olympic Invitational, she doubled in the 800 and the 1,500. Norm Higgins, Merrill's coach, believes in training for the outdoor season in indoor races, and an 800-meter event, win or lose, was viewed as just another workout. "She needs the sprint work," Higgins said before the race, in which Merrill finished fifth. But her time of 2:08.8 was a second faster than her clocking for the same event the previous year, when she won. "I'm satisfied with a personal record on this track," said Merrill.

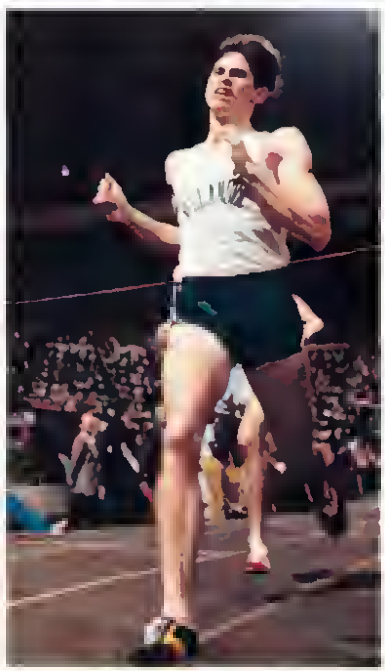
An hour and 15 minutes later, she faced a fresh Larrieu and Ireland's Mary Purcell in the 1,500. Larrieu, as is her style, took the lead with the gun, followed closely by Purcell, with Merrill fifth. With 7½ laps to go, Merrill moved into third but chose to stay some five yards behind the leaders. For a while it appeared that the 800 had taken too much out of her. Then with two laps to go she began narrowing the gap, and on the backstretch she shot past Purcell and closed in on Larrieu. She moved ahead as the gun for the final lap sounded, throwing in another bit of sprint work to win by 15 yards in 4:14.1.

"Very interesting," said Higgins. "I have never seen her run that way. Tactically, she ran more like a European, much like Tatyana Kazankina [the Russian 1,500-meter gold medalist in 1976], who likes to hang back to survey her competition." "I was trying to act out my plan and run a smart race," Merrill explained. "I have never run under 4:15 at

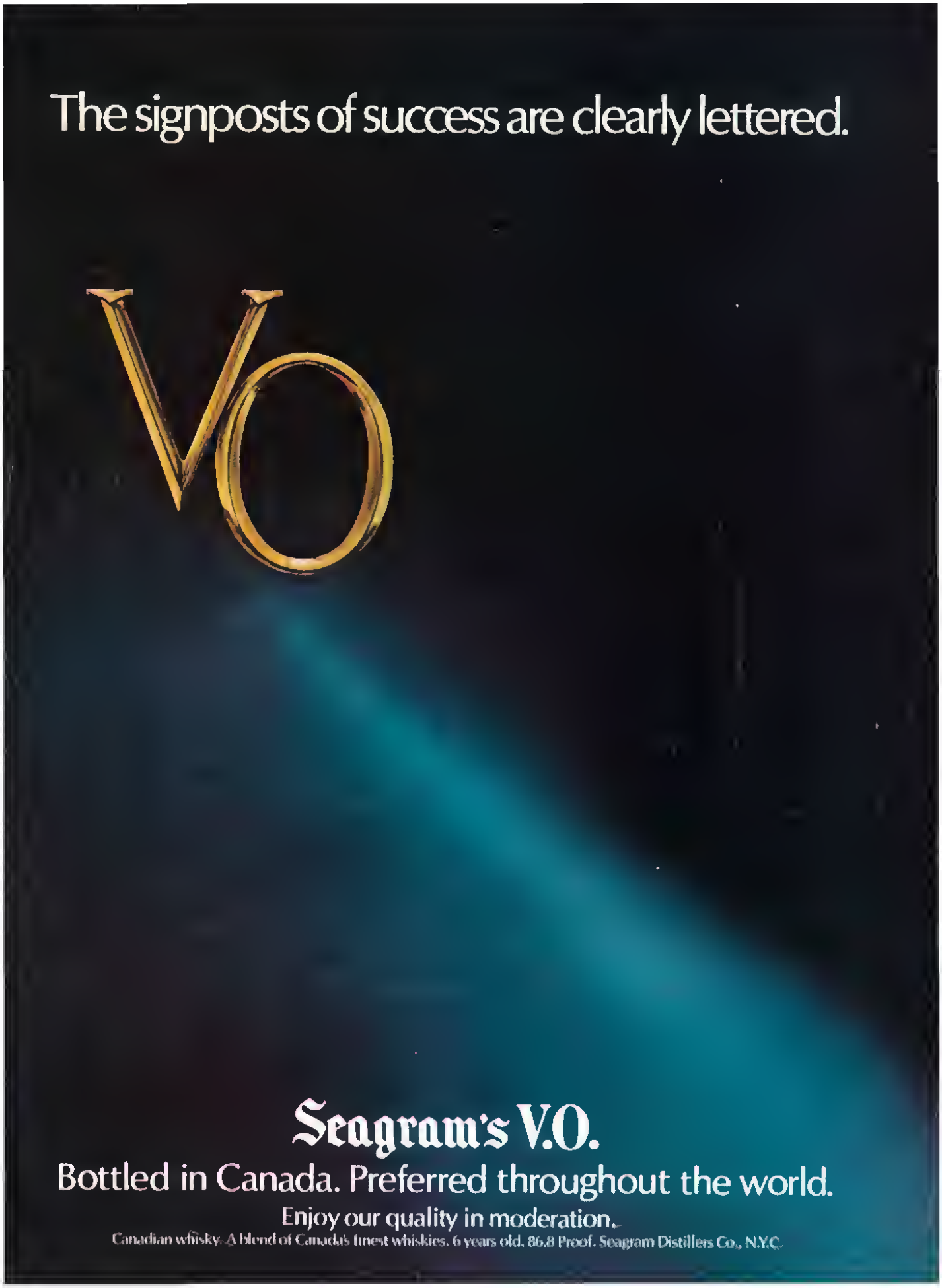
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Merrill outsprinted Larrieu in the 1,500 meters.



Paiga won a 1,000, and he also beat Belger


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Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar, 0.5 mg. 'tar', 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978
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Warning- The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Madison Square Garden, so this is another personal best."

Unlike the hurdlers and the sprinters, Merrill says she does not put her mind to beating a particular competitor, and the victory over Larrieu was, to her, no special cause for celebration. "I don't concern myself with one person," Merrill said. "Indoor races are so highly competitive I do better when I concentrate on the race. No two races are the same. But we're just playing a little game running around in here. The important things are the ones you learn for the outdoor season."

One who would agree with Merrill is Don Paige, a Villanova junior who has become more competitor than comrade to his former teammate, Mark Belger. Belger, who now works as a marketing economist in Lexington, Mass., travels much of the time and has had to do most of his training, it seems, in parking lots. Nevertheless, Belger, who runs for the Athletic Attic, scored an impressive double last weekend by winning the 1,000 yards at Philadelphia in 2:09.5 and the 800 meters in New York in 1:51.4. But Paige, who had run a relay leg at Philadelphia, came on Saturday night to win the 1,000 meters in New York with an American record of 2:20.3, lowering Tom Von Ruden's mark set eight years ago by .1 second.

"The 1,000 is a good race for sharpening up," said Paige, whose favorite event is the 1,500 outdoors. "I ran the relay in Philadelphia, then I ran a relay leg and the 1,000 in New York. I'm getting three races out of this weekend. That's a good workout for me. The American record tells me that I'm in better shape than I thought."

The relay in the Garden that Paige referred to was a 3,200-meter event and it proved to be a fine finale to a weekend of splendid matchups. It came down to Villanova vs. the Athletic Attic, Paige vs. Belger, both running the anchor 800s for their teams. Paige took the baton a step in front of Belger, and with two laps to go he surged ahead. Belger couldn't catch him as Paige finished his leg in 1:49.1, 15 yards ahead of his old teammate.

"This is the big year to get ready," said Paige. "This is the base year in preparation for 1980. For every athlete who hopes to make the Olympic team, this is the time to do it. Next year is going to be too late to get started."

IS ABRACADABRA AN IRISH WORD?

Steve Scott, the pleasant young middle-distance runner from Southern California, is as fond of the word "magical" as so many of his contemporaries are of "super." "There is nothing so magical about just winning," Scott was saying last week. "The magic is in breaking records and winning a gold medal in the Olympics." Well, that is all very easy for him to say. At 22, the former University of California at Irvine runner is this nation's fastest miler and is assuredly in the running for Olympic gold next year at Moscow. And, as if to support his argument, last Saturday at the Sunkist indoor meet in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, he both broke a record and failed to win Magical?

His conqueror in L.A., the beguiling Irishman Eamonn Coghlan, is, in fact, an acknowledged master of legerdepied on the boards. He has been competing indoors for seven years and has not been beaten since he finished third to Wilson Waigwa two years ago at San Diego. His feet were quicker than the eye again on Saturday as he passed Scott with a lap and a half to go and blazed home a winner in the meet- and arena-record time of 3:56.1. Scott, finishing second, also bettered both records with his 3:56.7; as did Dr. Thomas Wessinghage of Mainz, West Germany with his 3:57.9; Antti Loikkanen, the newest "Flying Finn," with his 3:58.2; and Steve Lacy of the University of Wisconsin with his 3:58.8. Thus, only three of the eight entrants failed to better four minutes, and one of those, UC Irvine sophomore Larry Greer, had no intention of doing so.

Greer was the rabbit in a calculated record assault. "To break a record," said Scott, "you have to get guys together who are willing to run hard and not care who the winner is." But Scott did want to win this one, and thereby break a personal record of never having won a race indoors. After Greer had led his betters to a swift 1:58.6 half mile, he stepped off the track and surrendered the lead to his old teammate. Scott held it for the next 640 yards, despite the ominous presence at his shoulder of Coghlan. The slender Celt does seem to possess occult powers in determining when to take charge of a race. "I have no set plan," he says. "I've just got to feel when it's right. I never really make my move at the same time, only when I get my inspiration."

In the open air, where he placed fourth in the Olympic 1,500 meters at Montreal, Coghlan's personal best for the mile is a splendid 3:53.3. But Wessinghage has run 3:52.5, and Scott 3:52.9. It is inside a building that the 5′ 11″, 140-lb. Irishman has the high sign on them all. "I really can't explain it," Coghlan says. "Running indoors turns me on somehow. I do have good acceleration, perhaps because of my size. And if I'm in the lead with a lap and a half to go, I feel nobody can go by me. I enjoy the tight bends indoors, and I like the sound of the crowd right on top of you."

Coghlan will run the 3,000 meters at the San Francisco *Examiner* Games this Friday night, but he has a sentimental attachment to the shorter race. "Four minutes makes the mile something special. The ordinary man on the street knows that a four-minute mile means moving fast."

A Dubliner, the 26-year-old Coghlan is employed by the Irish Tourist Board as a sort of traveling salesman of his homeland, with particular responsibility for attracting American college students to study in Ireland, although Coghlan himself is a Villanova graduate. "I started running for the fun of it and I've gotten travel, an education and a job out of it," he says. "And we [milers] have become good friends as well as good rivals. We appreciate and respect one another. One of the nice things about track and field is that it's like a fraternity."

As much as he appreciates and respects Brother Coghlan, Scott would prefer to have some of that old green magic rub off on him sometime soon. "I'll get him one of these days," he says, smiling agreeably. But he may have to step outside to do it. —RON FIMRITE

FLOCKING TO THE JANUARY SAILS

Artist Stanley Meltzoff, who has spent a number of years studying saltwater gamefish—often underwater—portrays on these pages one of the most prized: the Atlantic sailfish. On Florida's east coast, this is the time of year when northwest winds blow down against the northward flow of the Gulf Stream, spuming the tops off 20-foot waves, when schools of surface bait skitter before the pursuing sails. Late January is also when the Masters Angling Tournament is held off Palm Beach. This is when the world's most dedicated big-game fishermen, bundled up against the cold, compete against the time clock from costly sportfishermen in a demanding test of technique and skill, in which he who lands the smallest fish usually wins.

A double hookup (top) can mean double trouble for the competing anglers and the captain, who checks the elapsed time. For a lunch break, old saucer eye (below) chases flying fish.







Sailfish sometimes hunt in packs, searching out schools of ballyhoo, silver mullet or other baitfish and then "balling" them, herding the little fish until thay form a pod, all the batter for some fast feeding.



MORE OF LESS IS BEST

by STANLEY MELTZOFF

As they have for the past 17 years, 50 big-game fishermen and 25 boats gathered last week in Palm Beach at the Sailfish Club of Florida to compete in the Masters Angling Tournament. The 25 boats were among the most beautiful and expensive sportfishermen ever built, and the captains and crews were first class. During the four-day tournament—regarded as one of the fairest tests of big-game fishing skill in the world—some 5,000 baits were rigged, 280,000 feet of pretested 20-pound mono line was wound on reels and 2,500 barbless size 7/0, 8/0 and 9/0 hooks were specially ground.

The Masters is not for the merely well-to-do. The entry fee is $900, and the contestants spend a good many thousand dollars more to support their conviction that they are better than their fellow anglers. In the Masters there is no purse; there is nothing to win but glory. This year's winner was Luis Rodriguez of Venezuela with 10 sailfish and 740 points.

The fishing grounds are in the Gulf Stream, and the contestants may range as far east as the Bahamas and however far north or south a captain prefers to go, although most fish are caught just a few miles off Palm Beach. Boats may leave the dock at 7:30 a.m., but trolling is not permitted until the signal from the committee boat on VHF radio at nine. A signal at 4 p.m. means all baits must come out of the water.

When the anglers board their boats, January temperatures even in South Florida are sometimes close to freezing, and docks and boats have been known to be covered with ice. Seawater loses heat slowly and is usually in the upper 60s. The 30° difference is enough to produce surface mist or fog. Baby thunderheads of steam curl everywhere, obscuring the sea and rising as high as the flying bridges; everyone is muffled against the damp and cold.

When the sudden sun makes the mists flush red and turns the aluminum outriggers into poles of sparkling light, the men clamber aboard. The big diesels snort to life, rumbling heavily as the boats maneuver out of the slips and head for the inlet and the rising sun. In the cockpits, anglers unsnap leather cases and take out dynamometers to set the drag on their precision-machined reels to the microgram. Mates hone hooks to needle points and rig baits. Captains on flying bridges hoot to each other on their VHF bands, threatening to blow the tuna doors off boats ahead, or to throw scud on boats being overtaken.

Anglers are assigned boats by lot—this year it was done by computer—and each fishes on a different boat with a different partner each day. Only sailfish and white marlin catches are scored, with sails outnumbering marlin by far.

When a fish is hooked, the boat's engines are thrown into neutral so that the angler is on his own with the fish. Each contestant starts with 100 points, and the captain clicks his stopwatch to record the time between hookup and landing. A fish is considered caught when the wire leader reaches the rod tip.

Every 30 seconds that a fish is on, five points are subtracted from the 100 so that at the end of 10 minutes the angler has no points left, and the mate breaks the fish off. If the angler breaks the line, he loses the points he would have gained had he landed the fish at that moment.

If an angler's drag is too tight, or if he sets the hook too hard, he can lose a fish—and 100 points—at the hookup. Barbless hooks are used so that the fish can be released relatively unharmed, which, in turn, makes the fishing even more difficult: if given the slightest slack, a fish can throw the hook with a toss of its head.

Atlantic sails seldom run over 100 pounds and average about 40. Unlike most tournaments, in the Masters it is to the angler's advantage to hook up with a smaller fish which can be landed in less time. Even the most skilled angler can end up in the minus pool if it is his bad luck to continually hook up with big fish. The angler's prayer in the Masters is for the little one that doesn't get away. END

Three acrobatic sailfish perform a spectacular underwater ballet as they strike at trolled needlefish bait.

Morgan Wootten's name is similar to John Wooden's, and so is his record as a basketball coach. In his 23 seasons at DeMatha High School he has triumphed 88% of the time

by LARRY KEITH

THE WIZARD



OF WASHINGTON

Rrrriiinnnnggggg.
Mr. Wootten's third-period class will now begin. Mr. Wootten is middle-aged, slightly paunchy, wears glasses and looks every bit the high school history teacher he is. Not the kind you might see on *Welcome Back, Kotter*, but then, how often does life truly imitate art?

Mr. Wootten is standing at the lectern in the front of the room. To his left are a blackboard and a map of the world. Seated before him are 35 ninth-graders, all boys, all wearing the standard ensemble for freshmen and sophomores at DeMatha High—blue blazer, gray slacks and necktie. Of course, not all of the ties are straight or pulled tight to the neck, and many of the hairstyles are girlishly long. But these aren't Sweathogs by any means. They are quietly attentive and eager to participate. Mr. Wootten is demanding but also personable and approachable, and he never lets the class get dull.

Today's lecture is on the Age of Exploration. It isn't really so much a lecture as a lively student-teacher dialogue. Mr. Wootten believes in class participation. When you come to Mr. Wootten's class, gentlemen, you had better be prepared.

Magellan, Vespucci, da Gama, Balboa, Columbus . . . and so on until the end of the hour.

Among the 45 faculty members at DeMatha High in the Washington suburb of Hyattsville, Md., few rank higher in the annual teacher evaluations than 47-year-old Morgan Wootten. He has been at DeMatha since graduating from the University of Maryland in 1956; he knows his material. He also knows how to get it across and how to keep his students involved and under control. Those are the characteristics of any good teacher—and of any good coach. Oh, yes, Wootten coaches, too. When he began his coaching career 28 years ago, his St. Joseph's Home for Boys baseball team did not win a game. The next fall, his football team did not lose one. Defeats have been rare ever since.

Wootten and his present squad, which could bring him a fifth national high school championship

Although Wootten has coached three different sports at three different institutions during a career that dates back to his days as a junior-college student, he has made his reputation with the DeMatha basketball team. Midway through his 23rd season, Wootten has won 88% of his 697 games. Last season the Stags were 39–0, including a 12-game tour of Brazil, and they won their 15th Metro Conference championship, fifth national Catholic high school championship and fourth national high school championship. Over the years nine of Wootten's boys have gone on to play professionally and 12 have become college or high school coaches. Even more impressive is the fact that since 1961 every DeMatha senior, starter or substitute, 5′ 7″ to 6′ 8″, has been offered a college athletic scholarship.

These achievements are especially remarkable considering the limited talent pools available for high school sports; a coach can draw only from among the kids who live in or reasonably close to his area. Many men in the profession count themselves fortunate to have one great team or one great player in their careers. Wootten has produced both in bunches.

"This is the best high school program in the country," says Jack Bruen, Wootten's assistant for the last seven years. "Working with Morgan is like being with John Wooden." Bruen is probably correct on both counts. Wootten and Wooden do have more in common than just the sound of their names. And Bruen has almost been a Bruin all his life.

Wootten has been directing the Stags for half of his, despite coaching offers from Georgetown and American University and feelers from Duke, Wake Forest and Virginia. He has stayed in Hyattsville because he prefers to live with his wife and five children in the area where he was raised and because he failed to get the one college job he ever really wanted—at Maryland, which is located two miles away.

Love of hearth and home has not prevented Wootten from taking his DeMatha teams to play all over the map—this year's once-beaten club has already won games in North Carolina, Louisiana, Pennsylvania and New Jersey—nor has it kept him from conducting summer camps, giving lectures at clinics, speaking to Kiwanis clubs, co-authoring books and making selections for the McDonald's Capital Classic All-Star Game. And should anyone be interested, Wootten's services do not come cheap. He gets the same fee for attending clinics that many major-college coaches receive. The going rate for an appearance is about $500 plus expenses.

Wootten has accomplished all of this and remained the kind of person about whom everyone has nothing but good things to say. Vic Bubas, once the highly successful Duke coach and now the commissioner of the Sun Belt Conference, says, "In my opinion he is a greater man than he is a coach, which is not only the highest compliment one could pay a person, but is also the reason for his success."

Nobody's that wonderful, you say, but Wootten's human frailties, if those they be, number a meager few: he smokes cigars, plays cards, is occasionally late to class and, when he's irritated, says, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!"

At DeMatha, Wootten is just another high school teacher. Better known than most, but underpaid and overworked just like everyone else. "Most stories about Morgan's success have missed the boat," says Principal John Moylan. "This is actually the story of a successful teacher in a school with many successful teachers." Moylan, who arrived at DeMatha as a guidance counselor and French teacher the same year Wootten did, is very sensitive about his school's image. He is still upset that last year the head of the Florida High School Activities Association

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

In his history classes as on the basketball floor Wootten demands that his students be prepared

refused to approve a Stags game there because he thought DeMatha was little more than a home for adolescent jump shooters.

"Basketball around here is no big deal," Moylan says, exaggerating to make his point. "We have a lot more to offer than just a winning basketball team. I don't mean it hasn't helped us, because it has brought a lot of college-admission representatives here who might not have heard of us otherwise. But we probably have the most comprehensive program of studies that you could find at any Catholic high school. We have our own computer center, strong science, math and foreign-language departments, and two musicians on the All-Eastern band. Ninety to 95% of our graduates go on to attend college."

It has not always been that way. When Moylan and Wootten signed on in 1956, DeMatha had a blue-collar, unsophisticated, even ruffian reputation. It had been founded 10 years before in a converted garage by the Order of the Holy Trinity as a minor seminary. That original purpose was set aside when DeMatha began accepting students who wanted a conventional parochial education. As Wootten recalls, many of them were neither the best nor the brightest. "At the beginning, the academics and discipline here were a cut below the other Catholic schools," he says. "Now, I don't believe there's any better."

When Wootten arrived at DeMatha, the school had fewer than 300 students. Now, the enrollment is 840, 90% Catholic and 85% white. However, the freshman, junior varsity and varsity basketball teams do not follow that pattern.

The tuition is a relatively low $1,010 a year, which means that DeMatha must stage all manner of fund-raising events to cover its bills. The basketball team pays for itself by playing many of its more important games away from its home gym and by never taking a trip unless the host school promises to at least cover the travel expenses. The gym, like the rest of the physical plant, is functional but cramped. Classes are held in the three-story main building, opened in 1950, the original monastery, a garage and two converted houses. Clearly, students come to DeMatha for the mortarboards, not the mortar.

The school's modest beginnings are matched by those of its coach. In March 1951, while a freshman at Montgomery (Md.) Junior College, Wootten visited the St. Joseph's Home for Boys to recommend a friend for a coaching job. When the friend backed out, Wootten took the position himself, even though his ambition then was to be a lawyer and his athletic skills were modest. He was primarily a substitute on his high school football and basketball teams, and he played basketball and boxed for one year at Montgomery.

Wootten's winless baseball team at St. Joseph's lost no fewer than 16 games that spring—the only losing season he has ever had in any sport. Then his all-winning football team took the local CYO championship. Because St. Joseph's did not have a gym, Wootten's first basketball team practiced outdoors, played all of its games on the road—and still reached the area CYO quarterfinals.

In 1953 Wootten transferred his academic career to the University of Maryland and his coaching career to St. John's High School. At St. John's, where he directed the junior varsity football and basketball teams, he worked under Joe Gallagher, who remains a coaching rival, a close friend and a business partner in a successful summer basketball camp. It was Wootten's association with Gallagher that persuaded him to make a career of high school athletics. "I admired what he was doing so much that I decided that I wanted to do the same thing," Wootten says. "DeMatha gave me that opportunity."

Wootten actually turned DeMatha down when it offered him a coaching job in 1955 because he did not feel he was prepared. But after graduating from Maryland the next year with a degree in physical education and history, he accepted. He had no trouble finding the school because he had served Mass in the DeMatha monastery as a child.

When Wootten came on the scene, DeMatha's athletic teams were even worse than the school's reputation, but in his first year he managed to squeeze out a .500 season in football and a 22–6 record and a division title in basketball.

Wootten continued to coach both sports until 1968, when he decided to concentrate on basketball. His football teams had won three league titles and 72% of their games, but his basketball teams had become successful on a grander scale. This rise to national prominence actually began with the help of a rival

coach, Bob Dwyer. From 1958 to 1960, Dwyer's Archbishop Carroll team won 55 consecutive games, a Washington record that still stands. When he decided to leave the school at the end of the 1960 season, he called Wootten and asked him if he would be interested in having one of his players. Wootten, of course, said yes. The transfer was John Austin, who led the Stags to their first conference title in 1961 and their first national Catholic and national high school championships in 1962.

After Austin went off to star at Boston College, DeMatha's winning continued. The Stags repeated as national Catholic champion the following year, and in 1965 they ended the 71-game winning streak of Lew Alcindor's Power Memorial team from New York. While that game was being played, an ambulance stood by at Maryland's Cole Field House just in case Wootten's wife Kathy, who was due to give birth to their first child at any moment, needed it.

That 1965 club, which featured future Notre Dame stars Bob Whitmore and Sid Catlett, won another national high school title, losing only to the Maryland freshmen by one point.

Although DeMatha continued to dominate its conference, eight years elapsed before Adrian Dantley led the Stags to their third national high school championship. When DeMatha won its fourth title last season, there was no single outstanding performer, but there was outstanding depth. Although eight players received college basketball scholarships, enough good ones returned this year to make DeMatha the preseason choice for No. 1 again.

Wootten is able to maintain this deep well of talent because he has made DeMatha a magic name in the Washington area. It is actually to his advantage that the league no longer allows coaches to visit potential players or to offer athletic scholarships. Only two current DeMatha players receive aid, one getting an academic grant of $50 per annum and the other receiving a $200 diocesan scholarship that is given on the basis of financial need. Many of the best junior-high and CYO players around Washington enroll at DeMatha either because they are drawn by the school's reputation for athletic and academic excellence or because their junior-high coaches recommend it. Many of the players come from families that must scrimp to pay the tuition, although the school does have a few low-paying jobs that allow kids to defray some of the cost. For example, Joe Washington, a member of last year's squad who now plays for Colorado, worked as a part-time janitor.

"The way I look at it, I'm paying for my college now," says Guard John Carroll, one of this year's team leaders. "When I decided to come here my friends thought it was a mistake, because I could have starred right away at my local high school. The competition is greater here, so you have to wait your turn, but it's worth it. The first time I wore a DeMatha uniform was a big thrill. I think that name even gets points for us, at least early in the game, before the other team realizes we tie our shoelaces, too."

It is not just the players who take pride in the DeMatha name. "I love wearing my DeMatha jacket—and my parents love seeing me in it," says Percy White, a burly 6′ 6″ center. "They are the ones who wanted me to come here because of the academics." White entered DeMatha in the ninth grade but soon dropped out to return to a school and friends closer to home. He re-enrolled the following year and continues to make the five-hour, six-bus round-trip commute from Oxen Hill, Md. every day.

This has been a disappointing year for White, who was supposed to be the wheelhorse of this season's team. Two off-season operations on his left calf kept him off the team through December, and he has not been very effective since his return in early January. Another injury, which forced Forward Derek Whittenburg to miss eight games, put most of the burden on guards Carroll and Sidney Lowe, who between them have scored 29.9 points per game. Nevertheless, DeMatha has won 14 of the 15 games on its wide-ranging schedule, including a road defeat of the No. 1 team in North Carolina, Ashbrook High of Gastonia, and a victory over the perennial Texas state champion, Wheatley High of Houston, in a five-overtime thriller in Louisiana. The loss was at Beaver Falls (Pa.) High, 55–45. "Considering our injuries, I couldn't be more pleased or more surprised," says Wootten. "There's no question in my mind that we have the best team in the country when everyone is healthy. I think we'll be on top at the end of the season."

Wootten has finished on top so often that he hardly knows what failure is—or even how to recognize it. University of North Carolina Assistant Coach Eddie Fogler, who spent a season on Wootten's staff in 1970-71, recalls one vivid example of this. "We were playing St. John's for the league championship, and we were down three points with about 15 seconds to play," Fogler says. "Morgan called a time-out and told the team, 'O.K., we've got 'em right where we want 'em.' He said we were going to score, steal the inbounds pass and score again. And that's exactly how we won."

Players believe in Wootten probably because he believes so strongly in himself. "They are convinced that his way is the best way," says Moylan. "He gets his entire team working together with a singleness of purpose. It takes a great deal of strength and discipline to do this."

Moylan is not the only person impressed with Wootten's effect on players. College coaches marvel at their preparation. "They are sound and drilled with all the fundamentals," says Maryland's Lefty Driesell. "They're just excellently prepared for college." Maybe even too well prepared, says Terry Truax, a former Wootten assistant who is now on the staff at Colorado. "You really have to take a careful look when you are recruiting them," he says, "because they are playing almost as well as they ever will."

DeMatha is indeed a pleasure to watch. The Stags are everything a good basketball team should be—aggressive on defense and purposeful on offense. They carry themselves with pride and poise, and during time-outs they look straight at Wootten so they won't miss a word he says. He does not waste time with clichés about "playing hard" or "getting tough"; rather, he spends his 60 seconds on strategy and tactics. When play resumes, he returns to the bench and almost never leaves it to rant at officials or players. He stays calm, his mind firmly on the game. Whether DeMatha is ahead or behind, his face barely changes expression, probably because he knows who will be on top when the game ends.

Wootten's influence on his players extends well beyond the court. He mon-

continued

itors classroom progress with weekly academic reports, and he has an open door and open mind for any problem they want to discuss. "Believe me," Wootten says, "I've heard them all."

Adrian Dantley is a prime example of the positive effect Wootten can have on a player's life. Today the former Notre Dame and current Los Angeles Laker star calls Wootten "a father figure" and "a great man." Time was when Wootten used to call Adrian "Beverly" in an attempt to fire up his competitive spirit.

Dantley says the most difficult summer he ever had was the one he spent trying to boost his grades to DeMatha's standards. "Friends would come by and ask me to play ball, but I couldn't," he recalls. "I had to study." Dantley made it into DeMatha and became the first player there ever to start as a freshman, but it was not always easy. "The discipline I received from Coach Wootten was exactly what I needed. Not just for basketball, but for school and in dealing with people. If I hadn't played for him, I don't think I'd be where I am right now."

To enforce discipline, Wootten is not afraid to risk losing a game. Dantley recalls being sent down to the JV for a week after he refused to follow the orders of an assistant coach. Hawkeye Whitney, now a star at North Carolina State and the only other freshman to start at DeMatha, once was kept out of a game for having missed practice. When it was clear that DeMatha would lose, Wootten went to Whitney on the bench and said, "It would have been nice if you could have helped us." On another occasion Wootten sat two players down for two and a half games because they would not play team ball. When the Stags continued to win anyway, he told them, "The team proved it doesn't need you. Now let's see if you need the team."

Players usually need Wootten the most when they are being besieged by college recruiters. The pressures on a young prospect can be enormous as one cashmered coach after another comes calling. To control the situation, Wootten has established rules for everyone involved. He starts by having his players fill out a form that reveals what they really want out of college, including everything from academic environment to social life.

When a player visits college campuses, Wootten suggests he sneak a look under the red carpet—talk to the students, visit classrooms, find out if the coaches care about academics. And no matter how impressed the player may be by a school, Wootten cautions him to return home before making a final commitment, not to sign while the lights are in his eyes.



Wootten has had college coaching offers but prefers to stay home with wife Kathy and their kids

Wootten's primary concern is that the recruiter does not take advantage of the player. In the mid-'60s he ran an overzealous booster from Cincinnati out of his office because the man offered Wootten $5,000 in exchange for the services of two DeMatha stars. Wootten tries to act as a buffer by requiring that all mail and phone contacts be made through the school and that appointments be made through him. In the opinion of North Carolina State's Norm Sloan, "When it comes to recruiting, he's the finest coach I've ever encountered."

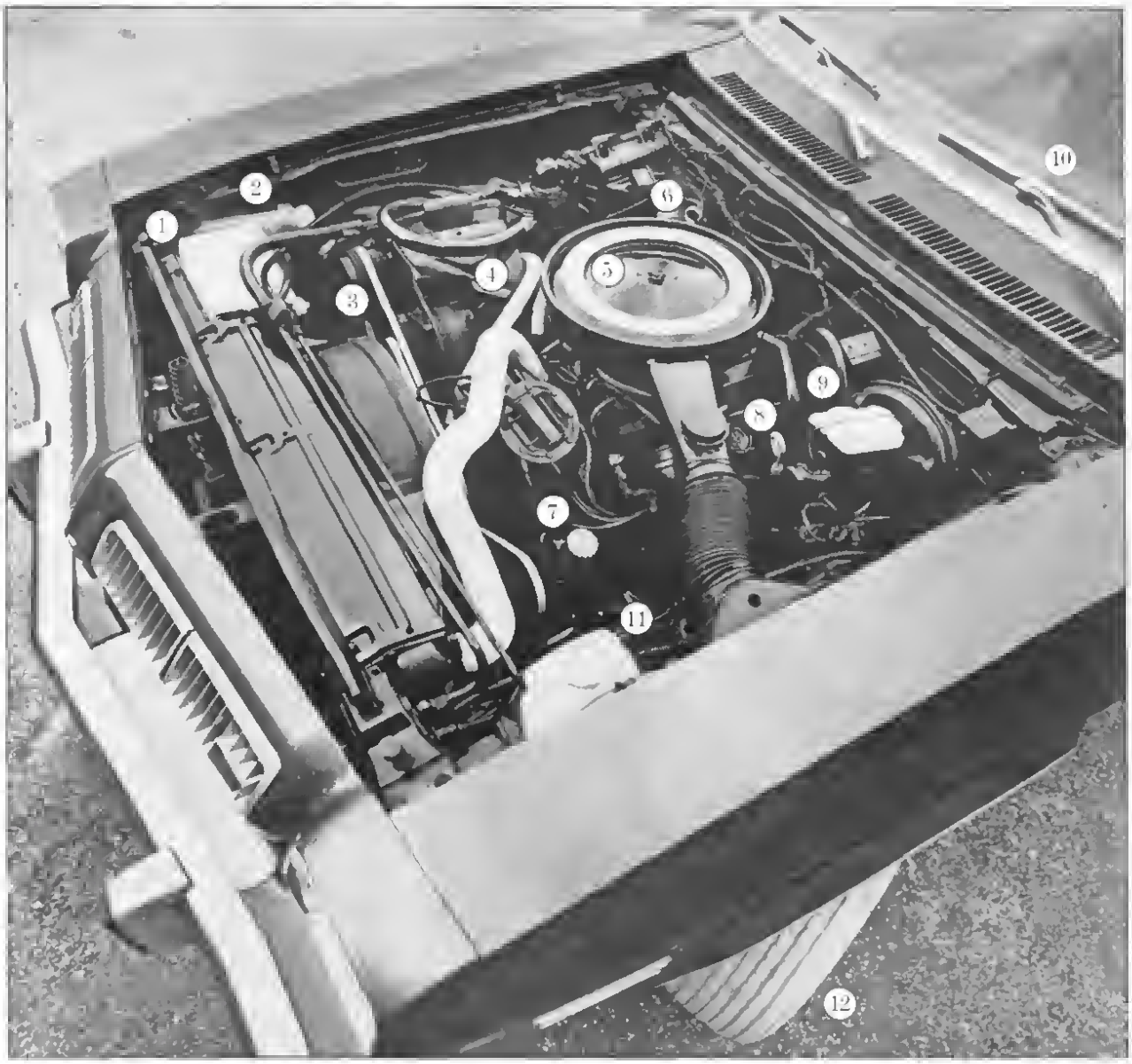
About the only thing Wootten will not do for his players is tell them where to go to college. Half the time, he says, he doesn't agree with their decisions, but the choices are theirs alone, and he wants the players to be happy with them. "It's funny," Wootten says, "but if I did make recommendations, I would probably tell them to go to North Carolina, because I think so much of Dean Smith. But the only one he's gotten has been Ray Hite. He hasn't signed any of our big stars yet. Adrian might have gone there until I told him he should fulfill his promise to visit Notre Dame. He visited, and that's where he wound up."

Even at DeMatha, not all the players are Adrian Dantleys. In Wootten's early years he sent letters to 300 schools, trying to interest somebody—anybody—in one of his athletes. That is not necessary today, but Wootten does admit he will bend one of his cardinal rules and give a coach a player's home phone number if he thinks this is the only scholarship opportunity the boy has. And he is careful to be as cordial to a representative of a small school as he is to one from a large university. "Who knows?" he says. "That may be just the place for our 11th man."

There have been some close calls in the 18-year everybody-gets-a-scholarship run. And there are a lot more DeMatha graduates attending the High Points and Belmont Abbeys of college basketball than the Notre Dames and N.C. States. "In some cases the player wasn't very good," Wootten admits, "but the coach wanted the prestige of having a DeMatha player."

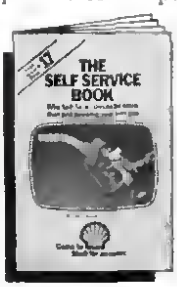
DeMatha's prestige is having Wootten. As Moylan says, "When he decided to come to work here, DeMatha got very lucky."

Class dismissed. **END**



When was the last time you checked these items on your car?

Do you know what they are? Test yourself. Match the numbers in the picture to the parts listed below.



a. air filter ___
b. brake fluid reservoir ___
c. hoses ___
d. battery ___
e. automatic transmission dipstick ___
f. belts ___
g. radiator coolant overflow tank ___
h. windshield washer reservoir ___
i. power steering fluid reservoir ___
j. wiper blades ___
k. motor oil dipstick ___
l. tires ___

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(*Answers to quiz:* a-5, b-9, c-4, d-1, e-6, f-3, g-2, h-11, i-7, j-10, k-8, l-12)

Come to Shell for answers

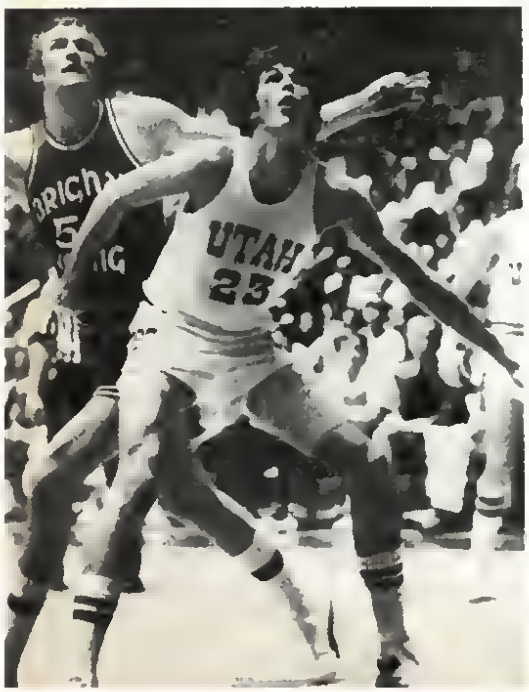
by Joe Jares

A double Danny dandy

BYU, with sophomore Guard-Shortstop Danny Ainge, beat Utah, with sophomore Forward Danny Vranes, to win Wasatch bragging rights and the WAC lead



Ainge, who hits his shots batter than the curve had 24 points, while Vranes got 16 rebounds



At the University of Utah, students have been known to camp out in pup tents overnight in the snow to get basketball tickets, and Coach Jerry Pimm is such an important man in Salt Lake City that he was recently made a director of Utah Firstbank. At Brigham Young, 45 miles down Interstate 15 in Provo, about 14,000 season tickets have been sold for games in the 22,700-seat Marriott Center, the largest on-campus arena in the country. To be sure, the land along the Wasatch Front of the Rocky Mountains is basketball country, but never more so than on occasions like last Saturday night when 15,186 fans at Utah's Special Events Center and a statewide television audience watched as the two old rivals met for the 160th time. And though the mere fact that Utah and BYU were taking the floor together was enough to inflame passions, this game had an extra fillip. The winner would gain sole possession of the lead in the WAC, the wacky conference that comprises about 2% of the nation's people and 98% of its mountains and rattlesnakes.

The game would also be a showcase for two outstanding sophomores, 6′ 7″ Utah Forward Danny Vranes and 6′ 4½″ BYU Guard Danny Ainge. Ainge came out on top by scoring 24 points, winning the game's outstanding player award and leading the Cougars to a 90–76 victory.

For Brigham Young Coach Frank Arnold it was a doubly sweet win, because that afternoon he had attended a Cougar Club booster meeting in Salt Lake City and heard gripes from alumni who were unhappy that the Utes had won 10 of the previous 11 Utah-BYU encounters. Now Brigham Young rules the rivalry—at least until the Feb. 17 rematch in Provo—and is assured its first winning season in six years.

Much of the credit for the turnaround must go to the boyish Ainge (the name is French and pronounced to rhyme with range), who uses a razor blade only to cut the tape off his ankles. He comes from Eugene, Ore., where he led North High to a 52–1 record and two state basketball titles while making the *Scholastic Coach* All-America teams in basketball and football and starring in baseball. "When he wants to relax," said one of his high school coaches, "he shoots golf in the 70s." Ainge is a Mormon, which is the principal reason he spurned Oregon colleges and signed with BYU.

Though he no longer participates in football, Ainge continues to play baseball—not at Brigham Young, but with the Triple-A Syracuse Chiefs, top farm club of the Toronto Blue Jays. Taking advantage of a five-year-old NCAA rule that allows a versatile fellow to be a pro in one sport while remaining an amateur in another, he signed a $60,000 bonus contract with Toronto before his freshman year at Provo. Last April, after setting a Cougar single-season scoring record of 632 points, making first-team All-WAC and completing his winter studies, Ainge reported to Syracuse and went 3 for 5 in his pro debut.

That auspicious beginning had Ainge's fans back in Utah comparing him to such accomplished baseball-basketball players of the past as the late Benny Borgmann, Gene Conley, Dave DeBusschere, Ron Reed, Bill Sharman and Dick Groat. But Ainge soon stopped hitting—his batting average dipped as low as .167—and he had some fielding problems, mainly with his throwing motion from shortstop. He really should have started in Class A ball, and he had the added handicap of having missed spring training.

Then, in August, Ainge hit .296 and was named the Chiefs' Player of the Month. "I certainly expect Danny to be in the major leagues some day," says Syracuse Manager Vern Benson. "I wouldn't want to put a timetable on it, but he definitely has big league potential. Last summer, from the beginning of the season to the end, Danny improved more than any other player I've had the

pleasure of working with. And I've been in baseball a long time."

Ainge plans to continue splitting his athletic life between the no-smoking, no-drinking, no-swearing atmosphere of the campus he calls "Happy Valley" and the tobacco-juice ambience of pro dugouts. He will be married in March to BYU coed Michelle Toolson.

The other young Danny—Utah's Vranes, whose name is Yugoslavian—is a Mormon, too, but he turned down BYU to join his cousin Jeff Judkins, the Utes' leading scorer last season and now a Celtic. Vranes started as a freshman, hit 55% of his shots and wowed the WAC with his terrific jumping ability.

Basketball coaches kid about "the white man's disease," *i.e.*, the inability to get much higher off the floor than an arthritic hippopotamus, but Vranes plainly has avoided infection. He doesn't even need a running start; he just bends his knees a bit and pops into the air. He led the Utes in rebounding last year and this season led in both rebounding and scoring going into the BYU game.

Duke Coach Bill Foster, who used to be the head man at Utah, tried to lure Vranes away from his native Salt Lake City but didn't stand much of a chance. The Vranes and Judkins families are in the drapery business together and jointly own a cabin in Mill Canyon that has a basketball court in back. And the members of both clans are avid outdoorsmen. Vranes loves to water-ski on Lake Powell, backpack and fish in the Uinta Mountains and hunt deer, elk and duck. It is a big disappointment to him that the pheasant season comes during the basketball season.

At few other universities in the nation could an athlete have had the kind of day Vranes enjoyed not long ago. He cut his morning classes to go deer hunting with Center Tom Chambers. Vranes wounded a deer, which ran off into the brush. They had to chase it down, finish it off and drag the deer out of a ravine. They were late for basketball practice and got chewed out by Pimm.

Vranes has faced more dangerous things than Pimm's wrath, however. Last summer he was named to a U.S. all-star team that played in the Soviet Union. Soon after arriving in the U.S.S.R., he suffered an appendicitis attack and had to undergo surgery. The danger did not come from the Russian doctor's scalpel, but from the food Vranes was served after the operation. When he at last felt like eating, he was served a bowl of mayonnaise and a raw egg. Subsequent meals were greasier than a 25¢ hamburger.

Vranes returned to Utah none the worse for his experience, and going into last weekend he had led the Runnin' Utes to a 13–5 record and a 2–0 league mark. BYU was 12–5 and 2–0. Arnold's plan was to use a 1–3–1 zone defense with the speedy Ainge roaming the baseline in hopes his presence would neutralize the quickness of Utah's front line of Vranes, Chambers and Greg Deane. Cougar forwards Fred Roberts and Devin Durrant are both freshmen, and it might have been disastrous for them to cover Vranes and Deane man to man.

Pimm's biggest worry was BYU's "early game," that disorganized moment between the time when the defense has halted the fast break and aligns itself to stop set offensive plays. Ainge, if not handcuffed during this critical gap, might pump in a zillion medium-range jump shots. The job of trying to put the handcuffs on him fell to senior Guard Earl Williams from faraway Newark, N.J., who had done a good job on Ainge last year.

"Ainge is pretty quick," Williams said. "He's tough to guard and presents some problems that most guys don't. I don't know what he's planning, but I know I'm going to be at 100% and ready to play. He's not going to get the type of freedom he usually does."

Utah had attacked zones well in previous games and, in fact, got lots of inside shots against BYU, but not enough of them fell. Chambers, for one, hit only four of 19. Meanwhile, neither Williams nor his sub, Donnie Rice, could stop Ainge; while he scored his 24 points, they collected nine fouls between them. And BYU's 6′ 10″ junior Center Alan Taylor was more than a match for Vranes on the boards. Taylor took down 20 rebounds. Vranes got 16 to go with his 23 points.

Brigham Young shot better from the field and the free-throw line, fouled less, rebounded more and had fewer turnovers than the Utes—not bad for an immature team reputed to be shaky on the road.

"Taylor played very well," said Pimm. "He got a lot of defensive rebounds and kept the ball alive on the offensive boards. He outplayed us inside.

"And, obviously, we did not stop Ainge. The early game just killed us in the first half. Danny Ainge is a great player. I like him. I like his fieriness. I like his competitiveness. I like the way he gets the hell *after* it.

"And he'll start hitting the curve. I hope he starts hitting it this summer, so he gets to the majors. I want to see him out of college just as soon as possible."

THE WEEK

(Jan 15-21)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST "Thank God he's righthanded," said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith after Al Wood sank a 24-foot jumper with three seconds left for a 54–53 Tar Heel victory at Maryland. Wood was playing with nine stitches in his left hand after having fallen through a glass window two days earlier. Carolina, which is atop the ACC with a 5–1 record, had to play without two starters: Mike O'Koren, who had a severe ankle sprain, and Dave Colescott, who was recovering from a fracture of the eye socket. O'Koren was hurt during Carolina's 70–69 win at North Carolina State, where the Tar Heels led 40–19 at halftime. State surged back as Hawkeye Whitney scored 17 of his 19 points and Ken Matthews 12 of his 14 during the second half. Matthews put the Wolfpack in front 69–68 with 33 seconds left. But after State rebounded a missed Tar Heel shot, Dudley Bradley of Carolina stole the ball from Clyde Austin and stuffed a shot in the final three seconds to pull out the decision.

Duke and Virginia, both 3–1, shared second place. The Blue Devils beat Wake Forest 81–69 behind Kenny Dennard's 21 points and got 31 from Mike Gminski to polish off North Carolina State 75–69. Jeff Lamp pumped in 47 points as Virginia triumphed 61–54 at Clemson and jarred non-conference opponent Virginia Tech 93–78.

Temple held off Bucknell 70–69, and Georgetown won twice. After beating Fordham 75–65, the Hoyas played at Penn, where they pulled out a 78–76 victory behind Tom Scates. A 6′ 11″, 245-pounder, Scates, who was averaging 1.6 points and 3.8 rebounds, scored 11 points, pulled down eight missed shots and blocked nine field-goal attempts.

Syracuse set a Division I scoring high for the season by smashing Siena 144–92 for its 39th straight home-court victory. After that, the Orangemen were 103–92 victors at Canisius despite 32 points by Ron Peaks. Canisius won its other two games—90–74 over St. Francis (Pa.) and 90–72 over Scranton—as Peaks tossed in 53 points.

Jacksonville boosted its Sun Belt Conference record to 5–1 by defeating North Carolina-Charlotte 61–57 in overtime and New Orleans 53–52. The Dolphins' victory over UNCC was clinched by Mike Hackett, who

continued

sank four free throws in the extra period.

Drexel, which had begun the season 10–0, lost 67–66 at Bucknell. Al Leslie of the Bisons finished off the Dragons by scoring 34 points, the last two by sinking a pair of free throws with six seconds remaining.

Sly Williams of Rhode Island, angered by a scuffle with a St. John's player, turned on the juice to give the Rams a 71–70 road victory. When not agitating the Redmen's bench and fans, Williams flicked in 33 points. During an earlier 86–42 rout of Providence, Williams scored 28 points.

Army ran its record to 10–3 by whipping Manhattan in a rugged contest during which there were 68 fouls. The Cadets shot 78%, converted 48 of 59 free throws and got 35 points from Bob Brown.

Furman, which entered the week 4–0 in the Southern Conference and 12–1 overall, dropped a 91–85 decision to non-league opponent Stetson and lost conference games to Western Carolina, 67–61, and The Citadel, 78–76. In a Southern matchup, VMI's 36-game home-court victory streak was ended 73–58 by Appalachian State, which made all of its shots—13 field goals and 11 free throws—in the first 17:49 of the second half.

And then there was the State University at Buffalo, whose 6–18 record of last season seemed positively sparkling compared to its 0–9 start this time. But the Bulls ended their misery by beating Geneseo State 69–63.

1.NORTH CAROLINA (14–2)
2.TEMPLE (13–1) 3.GEORGETOWN (14–2)

MIDWEST

With all of the Big Eight teams sporting 1–1 conference records at the start of the week, Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano said, "Some of us are tied for first place and some of us are tied for last place." When the second week of conference play ended, three teams—Missouri, Iowa State and Oklahoma—were on top with 3–1 records.

Missouri's youthful Tigers began the week with a 58–55 upset at Kansas. Trying to stress how young his team is, Missouri Coach Norm Stewart said, "This was the first time our players took a bus trip all season and, heck, they liked it." The Tigers also got a bang out of the play of 6′ 7″ Curtis Berry, who three weeks ago moved from forward to center after 6′ 10″ Lex Drum had knee surgery. Berry, who was matched up against 7′ 1″ Paul Mokeski, had 20 rebounds and 20 points. In an attempt to be philosophical about the loss, Kansas Coach Ted Owens said, "If you keep struggling, there's blue sky somewhere." But Owens may well have felt like Chicken Little after a visit to Kansas State. The Wildcats set a school record by shooting 70% from the floor while winning 96–69. Two Wildcats bombarded the nets, Steve Soldner scoring 28 points and Rolando Blackman 27.

Kansas was not the only Big Eight squad not living up to expectations. Nebraska was drubbed 76–60 at Missouri, where the Tigers shot 63%. Missouri, which had been last in the Big Eight tournament in December, thus earned a share of the conference lead. The Big Eight's other surprise team, Oklahoma, won twice at home, 72–64 over Colorado and 64–59 over Oklahoma State.

Iowa State also won a pair of home games as Andrew Parker settled down and brought his point production up. For most of the week, Parker heeded Coach Lynn Nance's advice to "pass more, because if they are doubling up on you somebody has to be open" and to be more cautious about his shot selection. But with 18 seconds left and three Colorado players crowding him, Parker fired away. His shot went in and gave the Cyclones a 60–59 win. Against Oklahoma State, Parker popped in 32 points as Iowa State won 72–70.

Indiana State's one-two punch of Larry Bird and Carl Nicks kept the Sycamores unbeaten and atop the Missouri Valley Conference. Vital, too, were a pair of free throws by Bob Heaton that put the Sycamores in front 71–69 with 17 seconds to go against New Mexico State. Bird then stole the ball and Nicks sealed the 73–69 victory with a layup. Bird had 24 points, Nicks 20. At Wichita State, Bird got 31 and Nicks 19 as Indiana State prevailed 94–84. Then it was on to Creighton, where Nicks scored 16 of his 18 points in the first half and Bird 20 of his 29 after the intermission in State's 90–80 triumph.

Second-place Drake lost 84–75 at New Mexico State, beat Wichita State 114–109 in overtime at home and won 93–84 at West Texas State. Wichita State got 28 points from Bob Trogele, 26 from Steve Kalocinski and 25 from Richard Williams, but Drake had five players in double figures, led by Chad Nelson with 27 points.

Texas Tech was knocked out of a share of first place in the Southwest Conference when Southern Methodist pulled off a 69–65 shocker. Guiding the Mustangs was Guard Billy Allen, who had 11 points and 10 assists after spending most of the day in bed with the flu. Tied for first were Texas and Texas A&M. The Longhorns won 94–81 at Rice and, in a non-league game, beat Southern Cal 87–68. "It looks like we're getting our act together," was the accurate assessment of Tyrone Branyan, who had 25 points against USC.

Opposing coaches lavishly praised 6′ 11″ freshman Center Rudy Woods of Texas A&M. In a 74–69 overtime verdict over Arkansas, Woods had 20 points, 14 rebounds, seven assists and no turnovers. "He could be one of the great ones ever to play in this conference," Razorback Coach Eddie Sutton said. The Aggies then downed Texas Tech 68–63 as Woods scored 21 points. Coach Jim Haller of Baylor, which had lost to A&M the previous week, was so impressed by Woods that he said about him, "He is the most agile, the most coordinated and the quickest big man of his age that I have ever seen."

Also coming on strong was Louisville's Darrell Griffith, who credited his improvement to several sessions with Dr. Stanley Frager. Psychologist Frager describes his treatments as "a form of hypnosis" in which "Darrell's not in a trance. I try to reinforce his skills." Thus reinforced, Griffith has greatly improved his play on defense, in which he had long been a laggard. And in his past five games he has fired in 132 points.

In Louisville's first game last week, a 77–76 win at Dayton, Griffith outscored the Flyers' Jim Paxson 25–23. Louisville then began its Metro 7 season with two road victories. First came an 82–77 triumph over Cincinnati in which Griffith had 23 points and freshman Scooter McCray 22. Pat Cummings of the Bearcats led all scorers with 30 points. At Florida State, the Cardinals held off a late Seminole spurt, got 24 points from Griffith and won 67–65.

1.INDIANA STATE (16–0)
2.TEXAS A&M (15–3) 3.LOUISVILLE (15–3)

WEST

"When we set up the play, we thought John Smith would be the only one not getting much attention," said Arizona Coach Fred Snowden of his strategy during the waning moments against UCLA. The score was 69–69 when the play began. As Snowden had hoped, Smith, who had not scored in the game, got little attention, and when the ball was passed to him, he went to the basket and drew a foul with six seconds left to play. Now *all* the attention was on Smith, who missed his first shot. On his next try, Smith scored his first point, and the Wildcats won 70–69. UCLA continued its travels by storming past Arizona State 96–79.

Southern Cal also played at Arizona State, but not before Coach Bob Boyd announced at home that he would be retiring at the end of this, his 13th season with the Trojans. USC blew all except two points of a 22-point lead at State and hung on for a 69–65 win.

Weber State ran its record to 18–4 and its Big Sky mark to 6–0 by squeaking out a pair of road victories, 62–61 at Gonzaga and 42–39 at Idaho.

1.UCLA (12–3)
2.SAN FRANCISCO (13–4) 3.BYU (13–5)

MIDEAST

"Notre Dame players keep their hands up like they are praying, but they are really beating you to death with their bodies," said South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire after losing 82–73 at South Bend. The No. 1-ranked Irish, who began the week leading the country in field-goal shooting with a .564 percentage, hit 60% against the Gamecocks. In two other home wins, the Irish shot 56% while clobbering Lafayette 91–66 and 62% while beating San Francisco 88–69. Another reason

Notre Dame handled the Dons with ease was that USF's Bill Cartwright was held to nine points and eight rebounds. Sophomore Tracy Jackson, who has never started for Notre Dame, continued to fill his Supersub role by coming in to score 49 points in three games.

After busting in front in both of its games and frittering away much of its advantage each time, Ohio State earned victories that left it 6–0 in the Big Ten. Minnesota fought back from a 13-point deficit at Columbus, only to have Buckeye Jim Smith snap a 70-all tie with a three-point play. In that 83–80 Ohio State win, Kelvin Ransey had 20 points and seven assists, Herb Williams 19 points and 13 rebounds and Smith 17 points and 13 rebounds. At Michigan, the Buckeyes had an 11-point lead trimmed to five with 10 minutes to go. But then Ransey, who finished with 25 points, and Williams came through with baskets and the Buckeyes won 78–69.

Two games behind Ohio State were Illinois, Michigan State and Iowa. Wisconsin gave the visiting Illini all they could handle before succumbing 81–74. Sophomore Larry Petty, who was booed by Badger fans last season when he was a rather inept 275-pounder, received a standing ovation this time. With his weight down to 240, Petty hit on nine of 10 shots, scored 25 points and hauled in 12 rebounds. But Petty was not enough for the Badgers, whose bench was outscored 39–4 by the Illinois reserves. Purdue, though, had the ingredients to stop the Illini—24 points from Joe Barry Carroll and lots of stalling. The Boilermakers held the ball for the final 5:30 of the first half and the last 6:30 of the second as they won 69–57 at Illinois.

Iowa triumphed 56–46 at Purdue and then lost 83–72 in overtime at Michigan State. Pulling the Spartans through were Earvin Johnson, who had 25 points, nine assists and eight rebounds, and Mike Brkovich, a reserve guard from Canada, whose two free throws sent the game into overtime and who sank two more foul shots in the extra period to put State ahead for good. Michigan State earlier decked Indiana 82–58 as Johnson put in 22 points and Brkovich came off the bench to get 16. Thirty-one points by Kevin McHale enabled Minnesota to subdue Wisconsin 82–72.

For much of the time during its two games, Vanderbilt looked like a goner. But the Commodores wound up a loner, all by themselves at the top of the SEC with a 5–1 record. At Alabama, Vanderbilt, which had trailed 25–15, was ahead 57–48 with six minutes left. Then the Tide roared back, sending the game into overtime when Reggie King tipped in a missed shot with four seconds to go. Vandy went on to win 75–73 on a last-second shot by Charles Davis, who wound up with 19 points and 17 rebounds. Mike Rhodes led the Commodores with 25 points. At home, where Vanderbilt once trailed Georgia 38–16, the Commodores went ahead 75–74 on a free throw by Davis with 39 seconds remaining. But Georgia regained the lead 14 seconds later on Ron Webb's field goal. On his team's final possession, Guard Tommy Springer of Vandy cashed in on a three-point play that gave the Commodores a 78–76 win. Rhodes again led the scoring, this time with 24 points.

Tied for second at 5–2 were Alabama, which won 83–76 at Auburn as King scored 23 points, and Louisiana State, twice a winner. The largest crowd ever to see a college game in Louisiana—14,568—was at Baton Rouge as the Tigers beat Auburn 94–82. LSU's unorthodox Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside combination produced 52 points. Al Green, who is 6′ 2″, operated inside as usual and scored 27 points, while 6′ 9″ DeWayne Scales worked from long range and had 25. At Mississippi, the Tigers played without Scales and Greg Cook, who were sidelined for disciplinary reasons, and without their ace, Durand Macklin, who has been hurt most of the season. John Stroud of the Rebels, the SEC's top scorer, with a 24.8 average, poured in 33 points and had nine rebounds. And Ole Miss outrebounded the Tigers 37–28. Nevertheless, LSU won 70–69 in overtime when freshman Gus Rudolph sank both ends of a one-and-one foul try after time had expired.

Fourth-place Tennessee won 66–55 at Kentucky, while Mississippi State split a pair of two-point verdicts. The Bulldogs nipped Kentucky 63–61 on Ray White's jumper with five seconds left. Playing in Florida's infamous Alligator Alley, State lost 77–75 as Malcolm Cesare scored 21 points.

Marquette turned back Long Beach State 99–80 as substitute Jim Dudley ignited a Warrior spurt that built their lead from one point to 10. In a span of three minutes and 10 seconds, Dudley scored six points, grabbed two rebounds and stole the ball twice. Bernard Toone of Marquette did his thing, too, sinking 12 of 20 shots—some 25- and 30-foot zingers—and finishing with 26 points. Marquette then knocked off Xavier of Ohio 67–50.

Dayton upended visiting DePaul 68–64 in overtime, Jim Paxson scoring 28 points.

First place in the Ohio Valley belonged to Eastern Kentucky, which beat Murray State 73–69 and Tennessee Tech 112–84. By defeating Miami 63–54 and Western Michigan 80–72, Toledo ran its Mid-American Conference record to 6–0.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY BIRD: Indiana State's 6′ 9½″ senior scored 84 points, grabbed 34 rebounds, had 13 assists and stole the ball five times as the Sycamores won three Missouri Valley Conference games and ran their record to 16–0.

1.NOTRE DAME (11–1)
2.OHIO STATE (11–4) 3.ILLINOIS (16–2)

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by William Leggett

Cold horse, cold rider

Affirmed, last yeer's Triple Crown winner, has lost five streight and his jockey Steve Cauthen has been struggling daily to understand his own reversel of form

Of necessity, thoroughbred racing fans are a hardy bunch. Nevertheless, a string of upsets can cause tremors, and at approximately 5:15 p.m. last Saturday the tremors were concentrated at Santa Anita.

Two of the sport's biggest stars, 18-year-old Steve Cauthen and Triple Crown winner Affirmed, were both in massive, and puzzling, slumps. Cauthen had ridden 75 consecutive races without once finding his way into the winner's circle, and Affirmed had somehow managed to run in five stakes races dating back to August of 1978 without winning one. The impossible had occurred. Normally, Californians are the most docile of racegoers, but when Cauthen and Affirmed finished second to Darrel McHargue and Radar Ahead in Saturday's $114,200 San Fernando Stakes, a chorus of boos greeted them.

Until 90 minutes before the San Fernando, the first $100,000 race of the California season, Radar Ahead wasn't even going to run. On race morning Gary Jones, Radar Ahead's young trainer, looked at the track and said, "My horse likes a fast track and there is no way this track is going to be fast by post time. The chances are 99.9% we'll scratch." Jones felt that there was no way the track would get enough sun in the next six hours to dry the surface sufficiently for Radar Ahead to handle it. "We wanted to run against Affirmed in the San Fernando," Jones said. "Then we wanted to come back again in the Strub two weeks from now. We've waited six months for this opportunity, and now the weather has caused us to blow everything."

As scratch time approached, Jones picked up a telephone and called track foreman Ron Moore. "Ron," Jones asked, "what does the long-range weather forecast look like?"

"Very bad," said Moore. "Three storms are expected in this area in the next week. You won't be able to count on anything." Jones looked at Radar Ahead's owner, Sidney Vail. "Let's run," Jones said. "We're in a box. Even if Radar Ahead runs poorly, the race might help get him ready for the Strub. We're out of options. I don't want to run on this kind of racetrack and neither do you, but I think we have to."

Vail concurred, and Radar Ahead, who won $250,300 as a 3-year-old last year, became a convincing winner, beating Affirmed by 2¾ lengths in 1:48. But as the race ended, there were more boos for Cauthen and Affirmed than applause for Radar Ahead and McHargue.

Cauthen could not be blamed for Affirmed's defeat. The colt got off well, dropped back of the pace set by Little Reb and Radar Ahead, and just before reaching the top of the stretch in the 1⅛-mile race, began what looked like a winning run. But suddenly he flattened out. Affirmed ran just enough to make virtually everyone believe that he was capable of winning, but could not muster the verve to carry off the kill. "He didn't seem like himself," Cauthen said later. "He only ran in spots. I can usually make him do whatever I want him to by just moving my hands. On the middle of the last turn I thought we might win it, but he didn't respond. He didn't seem to like the track at all. I don't know what's wrong."

Affirmed's loss was his second in two weeks. Since defeating Alydar in such dramatic fashion in the Triple Crown races last spring, Affirmed has become an enigma. He last won in early August at Saratoga when he defeated Sensitive Prince in the Jim Dandy Stakes after en-

continued





Radar Ahead almost didn't make it to the gate, but he won the San Fernando easily, leaving Cauthen to ponder his future—and Affirmed's

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during tremendous punishment in the last quarter of a mile. Subsequently, he led Alydar to the wire in the Travers but lost it on a foul claim. Then he lost the Marlboro Cup to Seattle Slew; the Jockey Club Gold Cup to Exceller, and this year's Malibu to Little Reb when he didn't respond in the stretch. Five consecutive losses for a Triple Crown winner are as bewildering as they are unprecedented.

Like everyone else, Laz Barrera was struggling for answers last weekend—about his horse and his jockey. "Affirmed ran only in spots," the trainer agreed. "It was a confusing race. There's nothing wrong with him; he isn't hurting. He'll run in the Strub. Stevie, I'm worried about. Racetracks are tough, cruel places. Maybe Stevie needs a little change, to go someplace else for a while, to get out of this slump. But I can't tell anybody what to do. We've had many more good times together than bad. But do you know what racetrack people do fastest? Bury others."

Last Sunday, Barrera wasn't saying whether Cauthen would ride Affirmed in the $200,000 Strub Feb. 4.

For a rider like Cauthen to have a 75-race slump, while not unheard-of, is extremely rare. "I can't explain it," he says. "Nothing is going right. Every jockey goes through slumps, but I don't understand why this one keeps going on. I thought I'd get off to a good start when I came here. I had a long rest and was mentally ready. I wish there was a simple explanation, but there isn't."

Some feel Cauthen's problems can be traced back to August and Saratoga. After winning the Jim Dandy, he took a terrible spill from a $12,500 claimer named Cute As A Button and injured his knee. Cauthen returned to riding in early September, but during the Belmont Park fall meeting he failed to win a stakes race. Had he returned from his injury too quickly? "My knee doesn't bother me at all now," Cauthen says. "My slump cannot be blamed on it."

Larry Barrera, the trainer's son and one of Cauthen's closest friends, says, "Stevie can't change his riding style. He's like a pitcher with a good curveball who gives up two homers. The pitcher doesn't junk the curveball. He sticks with it. Stevie's got to stick with what he has. It will work out, but it's tough as hell on him right now."

Since Santa Anita opened, Cauthen has had 120 mounts and only four winners—including a horse moved up from second to first on a foul claim. On Jan. 1 he won two races but then went 14 days without a winner. In his spectacular first two seasons, January had been one of Cauthen's winningest months. He shook 63 winners from January of 1977 and 23 from January of '78. Before the San Fernando, Laz Barrera said, "I hope Stevie gets a winner before he rides Affirmed. The pressure is building and building. Sure, he's riding some bad horses. But Stevie Cauthen is not supposed to have a losing streak this long. Joe Doakes don't have no losing streak this long."

Last winter Santa Anita was touted as the scene of the great jockey race, with virtually every top rider gathered there: Bill Shoemaker, Sandy Hawley, Laffit Pincay Jr., Angel Cordero Jr., Fernando Toro, Don Pierce and, of course, Steve Cauthen, who was coming off a year in which he had won 487 races and $6.1 million in purses. Steve stepped right in and won nine races in the first four days of the meeting and the great jockey race was on. But by the midpoint of the 78-day meeting McHargue had taken over. He rode 136 winners at Santa Anita, 64 more than Pincay. Cauthen finished in fourth place with 68, which was still a fine showing.

This season another anticipated jockey race has developed, with five riders separated by a total of seven winners—but Cauthen is not among them. Says McHargue, "I have to say that if Steve Cauthen were riding some of the horses I've been riding he would be either first or second at this meeting. No, I can't explain this slump. It is unreal to me."

Lenny Goodman, Cauthen's agent, puts all the blame on himself. "Steve is in a slump because I'm doing a rotten job," Goodman says. "It's as simple as that. I'm not getting him good mounts. Yes, I've heard all the stuff about his being a flash in the pan. A jockey doesn't pile up $11 million in purses in a little over two years by being a flash in the pan. Steve has not lost his touch. Just wait a while and he will come out of this thing. Blame me."

And many do. Of Cauthen's 120 mounts, there have been only eight favorites and three second choices in the betting. Cauthen does not stay on the California circuit on a year-round basis, which hurts him because trainers tend to stick with riders who will remain with them from Santa Anita through Hollywood Park, Del Mar and then back to Santa Anita in the fall for the Oak Tree meeting. "Look," says Bobby Frankel, one of California's most successful trainers, "when you put a rider on a horse and they do well together, you stick with that rider. The owner wants to see the same rider back on the horse. I stick with the riders I use year-round. Don't kid yourself about Cauthen; he'll be back on top. All the attention on his slump now is caused by the fact that he came right out of the woodwork and set very high standards. His talent is there. Champions are champions, and he is one of them. It'll show."

What's showing at present, though, isn't very good for Cauthen's image. One day last week his troubled face was played up full-page in the sports section of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. "Portrait of a struggling superstar," the caption read. Radio and television stations are covering his troubles as if he were Pete Rose in the middle of a hitting streak. And if Cauthen's losing ways continue, trainers will become even more wary as the attention grows.

Affirmed's problems may well stem from his memorable duels with Alydar. Without doubt, those races had to take something out of the colt. After going head-to-head with Alydar for a year and a half, Affirmed then had to face a rejuvenated Seattle Slew and Exceller. Now Radar Ahead, an excellent horse, is beginning to haunt him. After running only once (and winning by 15 lengths) as a 2-year-old, Radar Ahead won five of seven starts last season. He skipped the Triple Crown races but won the Swaps Stakes in July before being rested for his winter campaign at Santa Anita. He is not a fluke winner.

As for Cauthen, at week's end he decided to leave California. On Sunday afternoon, Cauthen and Goodman said they would return to New York to ride out the winter months.

"Steve and I made a decision together," said Goodman before Cauthen went 0-for-5, giving him an 0-for-80 streak. "We like Santa Anita and enjoy riding here, but at this time the best thing to do seems to be to go back to New York. Steve will go to California to ride some stakes races. He took an awful lot of criticism, but he really wasn't doing anything wrong. I just put him on too many horses that couldn't win." **END**

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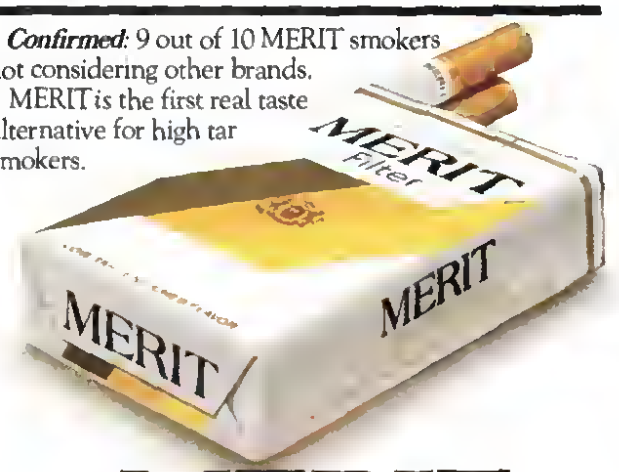
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Kings & 100's

by John Papanek

The Truck stops here

Truck Robinson didn't like all that Jazz in New Orleans, so he asked for a trade to Phoenix. Now he adds rebounding muscle to the nation's most elegant team



Truck jockeys for position with Kent Benson

A few weeks ago Bob Ferry, the general manager of the Washington Bullets, was playing word-association games on an all-night radio talk show. Larry King, the host, would name an NBA team and Ferry would say the first word that popped into his mind. For instance, the host would say, "Washington," and Ferry would say, "Excellence." And so on. After some teams brought responses like "brutal," "undisciplined," "explosive" and "scrappy," the host said, "Phoenix."

"Pretty," said Ferry.

That stopped King, who said, "*Pretty?* That's a curious word to describe a pro basketball team."

Ah, but wasn't it the right word? Phoenix *is* a pretty team. From the coach, dapper and genteel John MacLeod in his three-piece suits and soft loafers; to the handsome, suntanned and superb starting guards, Paul Westphal and Don Buse; to the delicately talented high-post center, Alvan Adams, to the second-year small forward, Walter Davis, who plays with a grace and beauty equaled by few, the Suns are lovely to look at. They make the basketball fly smartly from hand to hand as though it were a Frisbee, and they shoot it exceedingly well, hitting more than 50% of their shots.

Their discipline and execution won them 49 games last year, and in 1976 they reached the NBA finals—a tribute to MacLeod, one of the best coaches in the league. But when push came to shove, as it always does in the NBA, the Suns turned out to be just another pretty face. The problem was that they were loaded with every important commodity save one, a strong forward.

Thus, when Phoenix pulled off a trade Jan. 12 for New Orleans' 6′ 7″, 225-pound, 27-year-old Leonard (Truck) Robinson, last year's NBA rebounding champion, the whole league took notice. In return for two reserves, Guard Ron Lee and rookie Forward Marty Byrnes, two first-round draft picks and some $500,000, Phoenix got Robinson and began stirring the fog that has been hovering over the Pacific Division, where Seattle, Los Angeles and the Suns are within two games of each other.

"I'm real sorry to see Truck come into our division," says Los Angeles General Manager Bill Sharman. "Especially to Phoenix, because they were a good team already." Hubie Brown, who coached Robinson in Atlanta two seasons ago, says the Suns now possess the best starting five in the NBA, a feeling shared by others, since they are the only team whose starters have all played in NBA All-Star games.

Seattle's Lenny Wilkens refuses to speculate about what the Suns might do now that they have their rebounder, and with good reason. His SuperSonics and Ferry's Bullets are two of the league's more physical teams. They have regularly beat up on the Suns and are 5–0 against them this year. But that was pre-Truck. Says Ferry, who drafted Robinson and had him for 2½ seasons in Washington, "He gives Phoenix a new dimension. I think Truck can do anything he wants to do. If he wants to mesh his talents with the Suns, maybe give up some shots, it means they can still be a pretty team—and pretty great, too."

MacLeod and General Manager Jerry Colangelo clearly feel they've made a deal for the history books. "Jerry asked me in October what else we could do for this team," says MacLeod. "I said, 'The only thing we can do is get Leonard Robinson.' "

"On a scale of one to 10," says Colangelo, "our chances of going all the way before the trade were between two and four. Now I'd say they're seven or eight."

It has been proved that throwing a bunch of talented players together does not guarantee success in the NBA. And though Robinson's 13.1 rebounds a game obviously will help a team that was 17th in rebounding both this season and a year ago, his 23.9 scoring average could cause problems. Davis, Westphal and Adams are already over or near the 20-point mark. "We'll just score 136 points a game instead of 116," says Adams.

The truly amazing thing about the deal is that Phoenix did not lose a starter to gain a star. "I was determined not to break up the team we had painstakingly built," Colangelo says. The Suns will surely miss Lee, last year's league-leading ball thief, who defended like a junkyard

dog and was characteristically depicted on the cover of the team's media guide diving flat-out for a loose ball. "With Ronnie gone, at least it's safe to practice," jokes Adams.

Robinson will hardly miss the Jazz, since he made it clear last summer that he wanted to go elsewhere. Much was made of his feud with Pete Maravich. That came about when Robinson's agent, Don Cronson, seeking to renegotiate Truck's contract, said, "The Jazz has two sets of rules. One for Pete and one for the rest of the players."

"All I did for the Jazz," says Robinson, "was play as hard as I could." Nevertheless, he became the heavy in a town where Maravich was king.

The trade could not have come at a better time for the Suns. Just before Robinson's arrival, they had lost to New Jersey and Seattle. Westphal had been in an eight-game slump, during which he was six points below his 24-point average and had shot only 43%. Adams was bothered by a hip injury, and Garfield Heard, who had been the Suns' closest approximation of a strong forward, had missed 12 games with a back problem and was replaced by Alvin Scott.

"This time of year is just a boring, drab time in the NBA schedule," said Westphal. In fact, it was about this same time a year ago that the Suns started coming apart. They were 36–16 but won just 13 of their last 30 games. Then they were embarrassed in the first round of the playoffs, losing two straight to Milwaukee in that best-of-three series.

After beating Houston 116–97 at home Saturday night, the Suns were 28–19. More important, they were 13–13 on the road, one of only five teams—Washington, Seattle, Kansas City and Philadelphia are the others—that do not have losing road records.

When Robinson arrived in Phoenix on Jan. 13 for a game against Indiana, he was hailed as a savior. Although he knew little about MacLeod's relatively intricate series of plays and options—"In New Orleans," said Truck, "we had only one option. Then it was every man for himself"—he scored 20 points. Nevertheless, the Suns lost 102–99. Four nights later, in Milwaukee, Robinson had 25 points and 10 rebounds and Davis scored 24, but the Suns lost yet again, 123–118, because of another injury to Adams. This time it was a finger in his eye and an inadvertent fist in his face.

But in Detroit last Thursday night, the Suns got the ball moving and won, 97–87. Westphal hit nine of 18 and fired off 12 assists. Robinson had 20 points and 13 rebounds, Davis 26 points, 11 rebounds and nine assists. Half a dozen times the 6′ 6″, 195-pound Davis grabbed rebounds and *led* the fast break, picking his way at full speed through bodies like a deer darting through a forest. Sometimes he pulled up to swish his balletic jumper, once he spun around Bob Lanier for a layup, and once he flipped the ball over his head to Robinson, trailing on the play. "Walter moves faster with the ball than most guys do without it," said Assistant Coach Al Bianchi. "For my money," says Westphal, "Walt is the best small forward in the game."

Phoenix beat Detroit without Adams, and his physical condition is the one problem facing the Suns if they intend to make a serious run at the championship. In Adams' one healthy season in four, Phoenix reached the playoff finals. "We're vulnerable at center," says MacLeod, "but not because Alvan's only 6′ 9″. It's because of his proneness to injury." When healthy, Adams is in Dave Cowens' league as a runner, in Bill Walton's as a passer. Before his hip injury two weeks ago, he had a six-game stretch in which he averaged 25.5 points, 13 rebounds and 5.7 assists.

Milwaukee's assistant coach, John Killilea, who spent five years as a scout and an assistant in Boston, compares the Adams-Robinson connection to Cowens-Paul Silas. "When Cowens started shooting the 18-foot jumper from the high post and making passes to guards and forwards cutting the lane, we were winners. Adams does both of those things as well, and he's probably quicker than Dave. Now if Truck does his job down low the way Silas did, and with Davis in the corner, they'll be awesome."

Truck can't wait to get into gear with the Suns. Because of his publicized problems in New Orleans and the fact that he is now with his fourth team in three seasons, he has somehow gained a reputation as a troublemaker. "That's it," says Westphal. "You hear people say, 'Well, how come he can't stay with one team?' as though that means he's bad." In fact, Robinson has had legitimate reasons for each move. What's more, he is gentle, intelligent and well-liked by practically everyone he's been with. In Washington he was required to play in the small forward spot, opposite Elvin Hayes. "He's a big forward," says Ferry, "and the chemistry wasn't right. I liked Truck. I still like him." From there he was traded to Atlanta and in half a season he averaged 22.4 points and 12.8 rebounds as a big forward opposite John Drew. Hubie Brown believed in him, as he does now, and recently tried to bring him back to the Hawks.

"He had an excellent personality, fit in well and was a leader and an outstanding player for us," says Brown. "I'd like to coach Truck for the rest of my career." But when his contract ran out, Atlanta failed to re-sign him, and Robinson chose New Orleans.

"I came into a situation where Maravich was all the people knew. Pete, Pete, Pete. You couldn't name five players on the Jazz before I got there," Robinson says. "It was 'Pete and the rest of the Jazz.' All of a sudden I come in—a black player in the South—and it's Pete *and* Truck. A lot of people didn't care for that."

Nevertheless, Robinson gave his all last year, averaging 22.7 points and 15.7 rebounds, becoming only the third forward in history to lead the NBA in rebounding. His disaffection began after Maravich was hurt late in the season. "It was all frustration," he says. "I'd come in, put on my clothes, play 45 minutes, and we'd get our tails kicked, nobody'd give a damn. Then I'd go home and come back again for the same routine."

During the summer, Robinson wanted to renegotiate his contract, which still had five years to run. Management refused, citing its policy of not renegotiating contracts. That prompted Cronson, Robinson's agent, to make the statement about special rules for Maravich, since the club had renegotiated Maravich's contract the previous summer. Maravich resented being used as Robinson's lever and decided *he* wanted to be traded. Then management reversed its position on Robinson and offered to renegotiate, but could not reach agreement.

So Robinson pressed for the trade. He specifically chose Phoenix, a privilege he could exercise by virtue of his no-trade clause. "Me and Walter Davis?" he says. "A great high-post center like Adams? A shooter like Westphal? A quarterback like Buse? I could have gone to New York or Philadelphia for lots more money, but I could not find a team more perfect for me than Phoenix." **END**

by J. D. Reed

Rock and roly-poly

Placid but powerful, the little heavy took the Toronto tournament by surprise

The occasion did not produce what would be called a glittering fight crowd. Instead, it drew some 2,000 bloodthirsty, mostly beery, wise guys packed shoulder to shoulder in a produce market down by the docks in Toronto. But the name—the first "So You Think You're Tough Amateur Heavyweight Championship"—was certainly appealing, and the event featured 20 of maybe the meanest men in town. Most of them had never been in a ring before, if you didn't count the ones they left in the bathtub.



Cleaving the air—and four opponents—with mighty swings, Roosevelt Joseph come on like a tank.

The tournament was promoted last week by cigar-chomping Irv Ungerman—who obviously stepped right out of Central Casting—and his partner, Vince Bagnato. When he is not promoting fights, Ungerman manages the family chicken-plucking business in Toronto. Before the tournament, he allowed that "We got dock workers, bartenders, bouncers, maybe an ex-con or two, a truck driver, a few loonies and God knows what else. But each of 'em gets $200 in expense money if they fight tonight. And the winner, mind you, the winner gets $1,000—if he wants to turn professional. I hope a real prospect wins here, because I want to promote him. I guess we're all really hoping for another Chuvalo."

George Chuvalo, the Canadian heavyweight champion who lost a 15-round decision to Muhammad Ali, then better known as Cassius Clay, in 1966, was "discovered" in 1956 in a similar contest called "The Jack Dempsey Tournament."

At the weigh-in, however, there didn't seem to be many budding George Chuvalos in sight. The evening's format called for a series of elimination bouts, each of them for three two-minute rounds, with the fighters wearing 10-ounce gloves. Bottom weight was set at 174 pounds. It was clear that only a few of the entrants were in any kind of fighting shape.

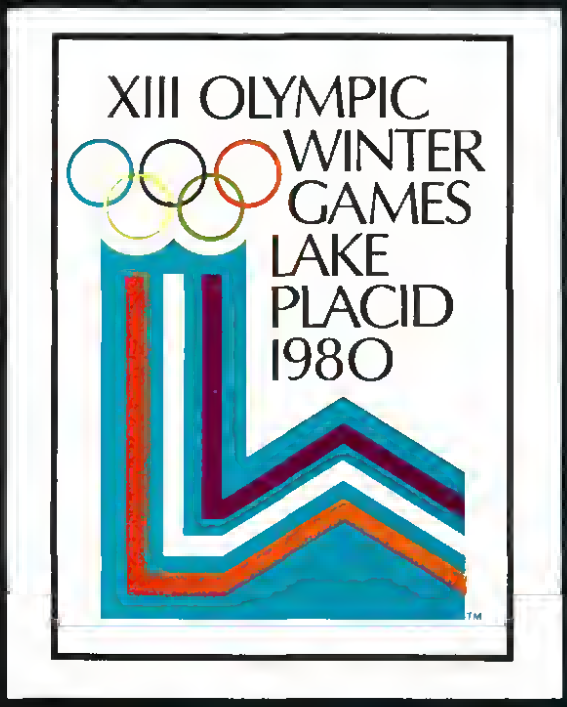
"Does that thing go past 300?" said truck driver Danny Sullivan, 26, when he stepped on the scales. The scales did indeed—and so did the gigantic (6′ 5″) barrel-stomached Sullivan. He weighed in at 325 pounds.

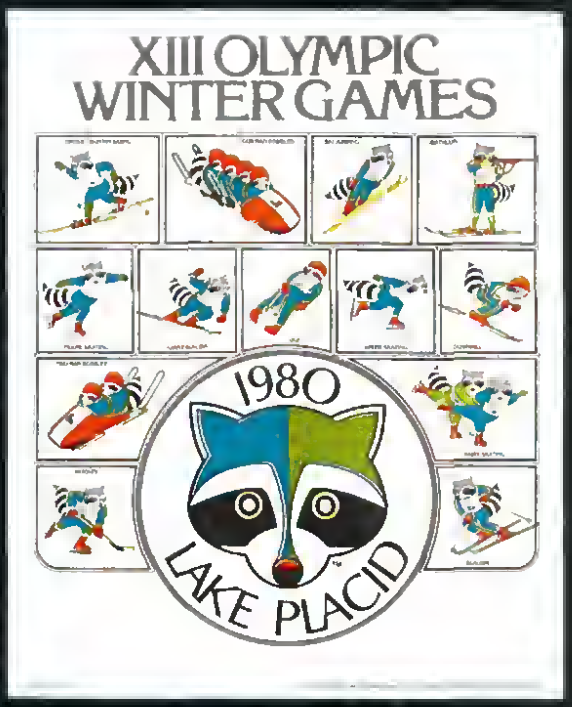
"I've never had boxing gloves on before," said Sullivan, examining his knuckles. "All my fights have been in the streets and in bars. But hell, I've got nothing to lose. I'll do a couple off-loads from the truck this afternoon and then go and have a few beers and I'll be ready to fight tonight."

Des McLelland, owner of a construction firm who had had a "few" amateur fights—contestants were allowed up to 10 previous matches—was more serious,

continued

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and in what seemed to be excellent shape. "I want to win it, this could be a big breakthrough for me," he said. "But I'll be gracious about it. I'll carry my opponent for a round before I dump him. I don't want anybody to look bad."

And there in the parade of tattoos, biceps and paunches was Roosevelt Joseph, 26, a 230-pound welder. At 5′ 8″, Joseph resembled a large and very dangerous toad. He watched the proceedings placidly, saying nothing. As it turned out, he didn't have to. An old fighter named "Saxophone" looked at Roosevelt Joseph and said it for him: "Most of these other boys got no sense."

That night the drawing for the first bouts produced what could only be called odd pairings, some with 100-pound weight differences. Most of the fighters adopted Muhammad Ali-like expressions and boxing styles that ranged from rope-a-dope to snarl-a-dope and shuffle-a-dope. They also tended to favor bolo punches and taunts. The problem was that most of the bravado lasted only a few seconds and most of the combatants were exhausted within a minute after the round began.

Happily, the officials running the show somehow conspired to keep the tournament almost free of injuries. The evening's carnage added up to one sprained hand, one torn shoulder ligament and a few cases of well-rung chimes. There were three knockouts in the 18 matches, seven TKOs, six decisions, one disqualification for lack of interest and one fight called on account of pain.

The crowd, which included the inspirational Chuvalo, cheered lustily, applauding displays of heart as well as boxing talent. There was only one tense moment; the spectators turned surly when the vendors ran out of beer.

Danny Sullivan entered the ring late for his bout because of delay in borrowing a protective cup. His outfit of bathing trunks, running shoes and a beach towel sporting pink flamingos was typical of the evening. But, alas, Sullivan learned that street fighting is different from boxing—he got a stitch in his side and couldn't continue after 1:58 of the first round.

Des McLelland, true to his prediction, outboxed his man in the first round and took him out with a TKO in the second. Perhaps the best boxer of the night, 170-pound John Scott—who was allowed to enter the tournament because Ungerman had seen him fight before—winningly pasted one James Chard with well-thrown combinations.

And, finally, the impassive, keg-shaped Roosevelt Joseph showed everybody why he had been so relaxed.

Joseph came shuffling out throwing monstrous jabs and long, loopy hooks of considerable power to produce the first knockout of the night, blasting Brian Hardman into the ropes at 1:06 of the first round. In fact, Joseph worked only about 10 minutes in four bouts, collecting two knockouts and two TKOs.

In their semifinal match, McLelland simply refused to come off the ropes in the third round to face more battering by Joseph. Instead, smiling gamely, he tried coaxing Joseph to come to him. But Joseph stood solidly in the center of the ring, shrugging wearily and gazing into the far distance. The referee finally determined that McLelland would assuredly be out of his mind to step out and take more punishment, and declared Joseph the winner by a TKO. All of which brought up Scott, the aforementioned classy boxer.

Unhappily, Scott had absorbed something of a brutal walloping in winning his semifinal on a decision, and after a scowling Joseph connected with two haymaker lefts, Scott simply shook his head. When it wouldn't clear, he sat down quietly in a corner and spat out his mouthpiece. The fight was scored as a knockout and Toronto's new champ was crowned.

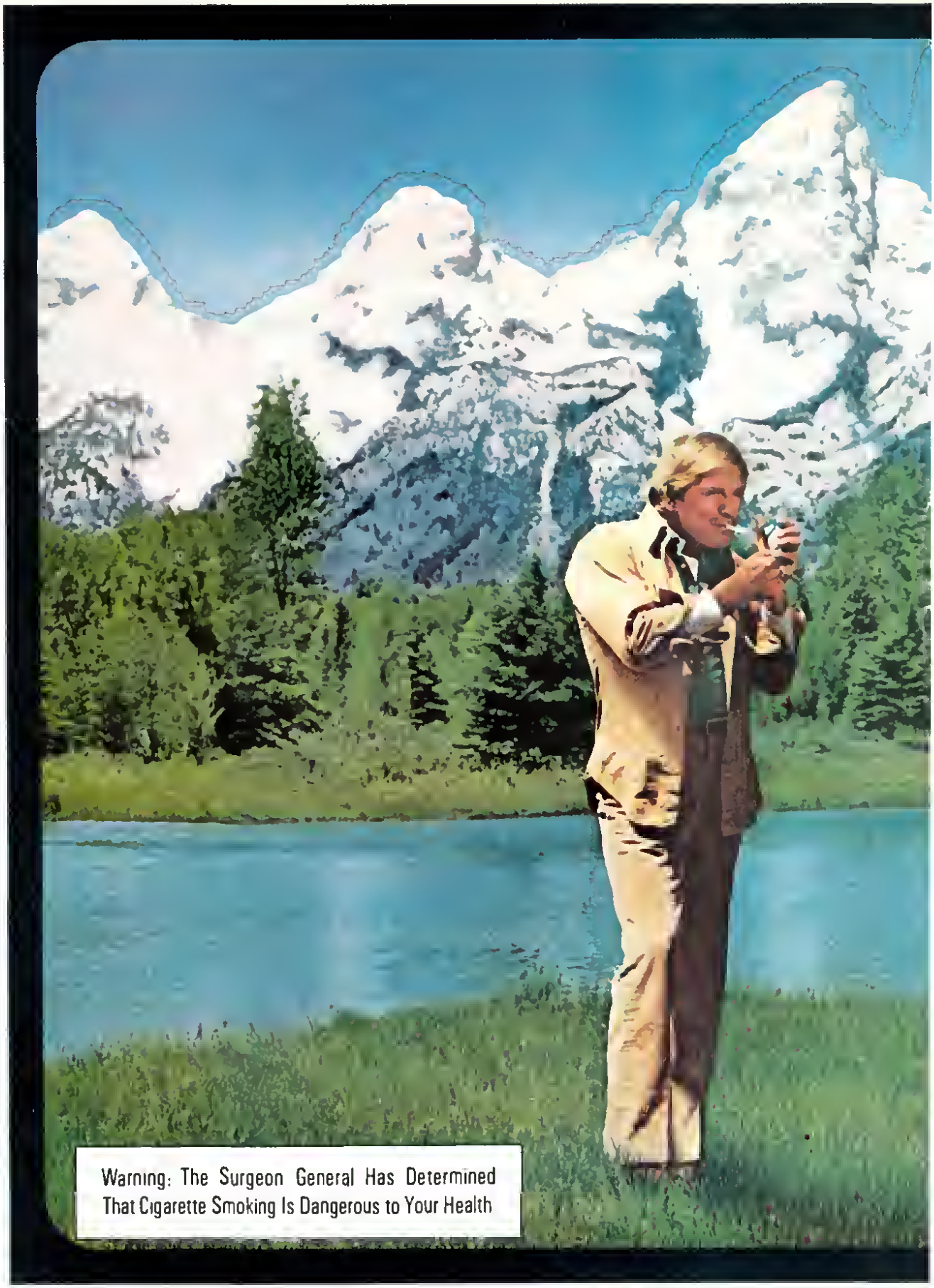
Joseph, wearing the kind of bathrobe somebody's mom might give him for Christmas, said afterward, "I'll turn professional. I'm a welder, mon, and I need the money." Born in Aruba, raised in Grenada and England, Joseph moved to Toronto two years ago and took up boxing, "to lose a little weight, you know. I belong to a club now and I like to work with kids. But I got really interested in the sport, and I guess I'm good at it. My welding work is heavy, so I have much power in my punches."

All of which brought up the title of the competition. Did Joseph, indeed, think he was the toughest of them all? "Oh, my goodness, no," he said. And then he fell silent and stared off into the distance again.

The crowd probably would not have agreed with Joseph's self-assessment. But the crowd had left. Something about getting out of there and going someplace where a guy could get a beer. **END**



Sitting this one out, 170-pound James Scott reflects on the futility of giving away 60 pounds


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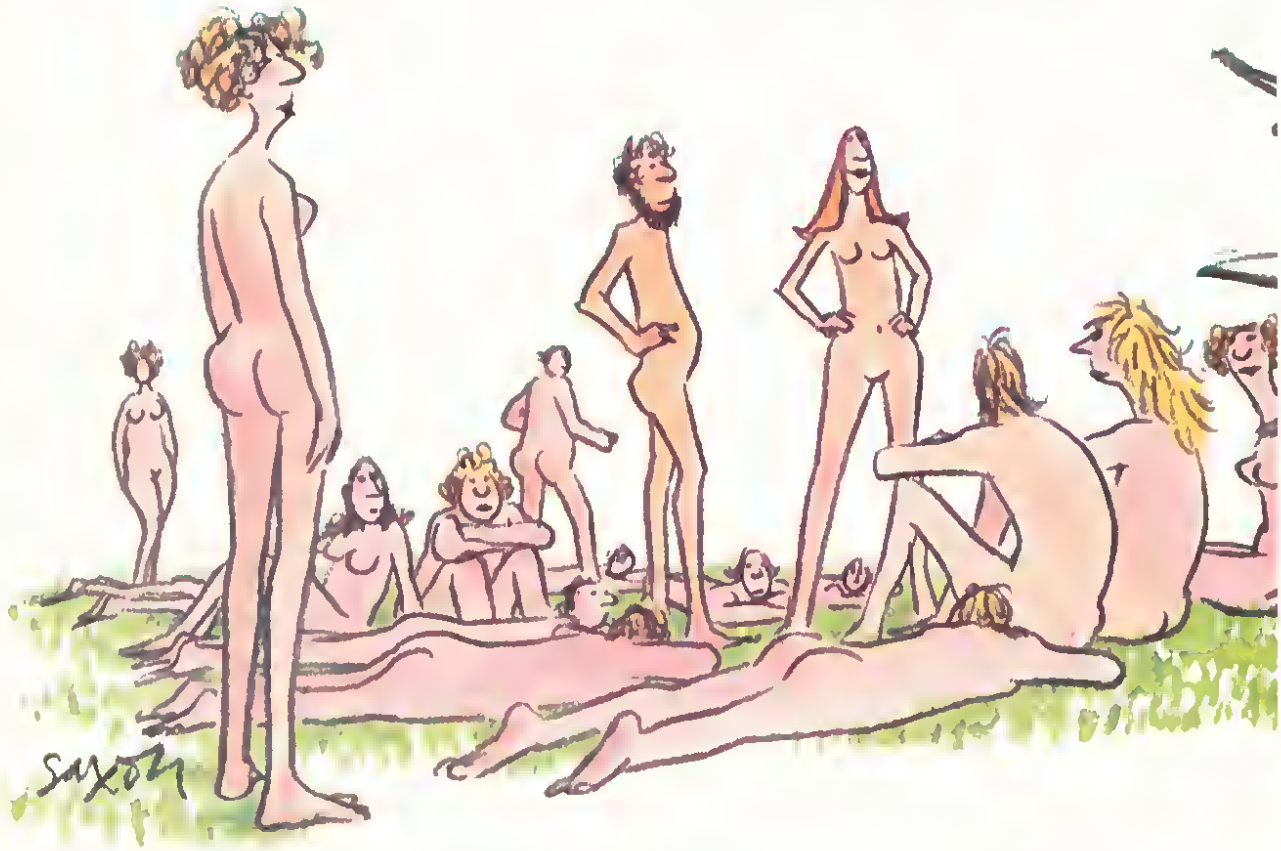
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The sunbathers were unclothed and uncaring, but Chadwick jogged on, seemingly laid back and centered, because if he could finish a race he could discover .

Where It's Really At

by Barry McDermott





Those who did not know Chadwick might have thought it bizarre that he would be running up a long hill near San Francisco, pretending he was being pulled by a locomotive. But those who knew Chadwick would understand. After all, only yesterday he had been atop a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, jogging in front of an unclothed audience.

Running seemed to provide Chadwick with what he had wanted for so many years—membership. He grew up in the late 1950s and early '60s in Cincinnati, often described as "a great place to raise children." At 14, Chadwick was too young to be a beatnik, and then, at 23, he was too old to be a hippie. He was in an odd time in an odd place, a condition he feared eventually would be his epitaph.

continued

Inner Jogging

continued

In his early 20s, Chadwick could not afford such upper-class luxuries as "dropping out," because he always had to make his car payments. So he dressed down in the style of the revolution's auxiliary, wearing his oldest clothes whenever he went to a rock concert and ripping off the Establishment by not putting enough postage on his letters.

Chadwick had long engaged in an obsessive hunt for that elusive quality called It—the latest fad, style or spiritual amusement park so frequently alluded to on automobile bumper stickers. He would think that he had found It, but then he would discover that while he was close, perhaps just a few weeks behind, It had moved on and left no forwarding address. His friends, meanwhile, had seemed quite able to keep abreast of such things. But now, at last, jogging was Chadwick's mellow trip.

Chadwick discovered the human potential movement after becoming disenchanted with what he called the "save them" groups: the ACLU, Greenpeace, the Sierra Club and others. Once he had staged a fund-raiser cocktail party for a cadre of local Black Panthers, but someone had walked off with most of his silverware and his entire collection of Kennedy half dollars. But now, as a result of his assertiveness training, Chadwick would be right up front. He was also into mind control, est, bioenergetics, primal scream therapy, consciousness raising and various forms of yoga and biorhythms, to say nothing of astrology, tarot cards and numerology.

Naturally, Chadwick was delighted when he heard the news that Esalen, the headquarters of the whole spiritual head trip for the Western world, was offering an Inner Jogging course at its Big Sur facility located below Monterey, Calif. Sports long had been one of Chadwick's priorities. In fact, his wife had left him because of a World Series double play. It came in Game 2 in 1976 when Cincinnati's Dave Concepcion snared a liner and turned it into a twin killing. The first replay was on the TV when Chadwick's wife came into the room. They were having troubles anyway, ever since she had discovered psycho-karate and had become more demanding of her own space. She said, "We have to discuss where we're at," but Chadwick did not hear her, because he was engrossed in Concepcion's catch. During the World Series they show about seven or eight replays from every possible camera angle, and by the last one his wife had walked out of the room and out of the house. Chadwick never saw her again.

Chadwick loved instant replays. At times he wished he could video-record his life and play it back after editing out the bad parts. His trouble was that he was a practice player. He had trouble completing anything. That was even his trouble in jogging. Filled with trepidation, he had entered several races, but had never completed one. Something always happened: a stitch, a wrong turn, an injury. Once a shoelace came untied; he had stooped to tie it and an overweight woman plowed into him and almost broke his leg.

Still Chadwick was a competent runner, save for his fear of racing. It was possible that he was in the sport for all the wrong reasons. For him, running provided cocktail-party conversation, the way tennis elbow and low blood sugar once had. And it also appealed to an almost manic desire he had. He liked passing runners during his workouts, holding his breath as he went by to make them think he was running at an effortless pace. He liked it even more if his victims were young and had long hair. Chadwick used to wear his hair long, but since it had thinned, he maintained that the shorter styles were in vogue. And whenever someone passed him during a run, Chadwick would stop, as if he had just finished his planned distance, even if he were in the middle of a forest.

Still, the thing that really troubled Chadwick was his inability to race well. And that was why he was hurrying through the San Francisco airport this Friday morning, rushing to catch his plane for the weekend at Esalen, because he believed that if he could just learn to complete a race, somehow he might be able to complete his life.

The Esalen seminar would be conducted by Mike Spino, a New Jersey native who grew up looking across the Hudson River at what could be seen of New York City. After attending Syracuse University, where he had been on the track team, Spino had gravitated to the West Coast. He had been teaching school in San Francisco and edging cautiously into the whirlpool of adult life when he met Michael Murphy, the founder of Esalen. Murphy was interested in physical as well as spiritual fitness. After training runs, the pair talked about Eastern religion, meditation and about running evolving into a type of yoga—"a higher form of sport," as Murphy called it. He urged Spino to develop a program that would incorporate the mystical aspects of Esalen. Spino did just that, and in 1974 he was named sports director of the Esalen Sports Center.

Since then, Spino has become a full-time running coach and gives seminars around the country. He has written three books and is currently writing another, *The Mike Spino Mind/Body Running Program*, on what he terms the mental and physical aspects of running, a program that combines meditation and mental imagery with the more traditional forms of instruction.

Chadwick was sure he could get behind such a program. After all, Murphy, who is now 48 years old, can run a mile in under five minutes.

As he settled into his seat on the plane, Chadwick wanted nothing more than to sleep. Although he lived in what he liked to call The Big Apple, he was on the West Coast for business and he had been dashing about all morning on appointments and, as a consequence, had missed the plane he had originally planned to take. Chadwick had met Spino at a seminar, which was how he had learned about the Esalen course. As he plopped down and turned toward the passenger alongside him, Chadwick was shocked to see that it was Mike Spino.

"This is really coincidental," Chadwick said. He wondered if Spino could smell the bacon on his breath.

"I'd say it's psychic," said Spino.

Chadwick felt like biting his tongue. Coincidental was so passe, so middle class.

During the plane ride, Chadwick checked out the man who would be his running instructor. He had been a bit concerned about karma and the type of clothing to bring to the institute, finally



The World Series replay was on television and, before he knew it, Chadwick's marriage was off

deciding against tie-dyed gauze shirts and sandals in favor of more contemporary garb. He noted with relief that Spino was wearing a blue velvet sport coat with the collar turned up—the style currently favored by male models in New York City newspaper ads—flannel slacks, a print shirt with the collar open, a gold necklace and loafers. He also carried a Gucci briefcase. When Spino turned aside to look out the window, Chadwick surreptitiously turned up his own jacket collar.

Chadwick was getting good vibes. He believed in giving off positive energy and felt that most people liked him, although, for some reason, dogs did not. Only a week ago his car had broken down in Tennessee and, while a mechanic fixed it, Chadwick had decided to get himself centered by taking a run down a desolate country road. After a short distance a German shepherd had come after him, barking wildly, and Chadwick had clambered up a tree, where he perched for more than an hour. Finally a local farmer drove by, heard Chadwick's cries and grabbed the dog, a creature which looked decidedly arthritic and half blind, although he had all his teeth.

"He musta thought you was S-caped," said the farmer.

Escape was what Chadwick was really after, of course, and as he and Spino drove their rented car down the coast from Monterey to Big Sur, he mused that this would be the weekend he found it. He planned to be back in San Francisco for a seven-mile race on Sunday. He would be infused with his new knowledge, and he was certain that he could finish the race. After all, at the Monterey airport Spino had pointed to the license plate of their car. The first three letters were ESP.

At Esalen, Chadwick was stunned as he and Spino walked across the lawn. The institute sits on a plateau in the side of a large hill overlooking the Pacific. It was a clear, bright day. The sky was light blue, the ocean was a shade darker, and Chadwick could hear the surf pounding against the black, rocky coast below. Esalen may be the prettiest place in the world, a remarkable combination of peace and power. But that was not what Chadwick first noticed, for lying around the pool and here and there on the surrounding grass was a group of people, none of them wearing anything but beatific smiles. Chadwick was blown away by his inhibitions.

After registering at the front desk—where his American Express credit card was gladly accepted—Chadwick walked around the building to the dining hall to get a cup of coffee and to sort out where his feelings were coming from. Then he scurried outside to take his luggage up to his room, trying to keep his eyes straight ahead. He wished he were wearing his mirrored sunglasses.

At Esalen students are put into dorms with roommates sharing similar interests. Thus someone studying Energy and Awareness does not wind up with someone from the Getting Your Act Together class. In the room, which he thought of as Early Motel, Chadwick changed into his running gear. One of his jogging roommates came in and introduced himself as Larry, and Chadwick asked Larry if he would like to join Spino and him on an afternoon run. But Larry said he was on his way to the baths, an area of hot tubs located several hundred yards down the hill from the main building. "It's where I get it together," said Larry.

continued

Inner Jogging

continued

The tubs, as Chadwick would discover, are one of the big attractions at Esalen. They are filled with steaming sulfurous water from natural springs above the bathhouse. People sit in the tubs for hours, their skin reddening like giant lobsters boiling, contemplating the vast Pacific before them. No one wears any clothes there, either, said Larry.

Then Larry asked if Chadwick had heard what type of drills the group would encounter during the seminar. "I don't want to go anaerobic," he said.

At the heart of Spino's training program is the notion that most runners are working out incorrectly, dutifully doing their miles at the same pace on a flat, monotonous surface such as that found at local high school tracks. He advocates training on hills, running different distances at alternating paces and doing occasional short speed work, as well as utilizing certain "mind games" he teaches his students.

"I experience more when I run," he had told Chadwick. "I know myself when I run. I've found the way to prepare myself, to have a more meaningful experience. I give people the opportunity for a spiritual experience. That's a kind of power, power in the Carlos Castaneda sense. Imagine being an athletic sorcerer. What if Carlos Castaneda could run the marathon?"

Before leaving the room to join Spino, Chadwick checked his running shoes to make sure they were dirty enough. He did not want to appear to be a novice. It reminded him of his early 20s when he would buy a pair of jeans, then bleach and wash them for hours, artfully snip little holes in the fabric and rub on some dirt. It was hard being a quasi-hippie who worked.

That had been a contradiction, but then much of what Chadwick did now was a contradiction. During his pseudo-hippie stint, he had belonged to a country club in Cincinnati, where an outraged member once spit on a long-haired youth who had the temerity to enter the locker room, and where another member once accused Chadwick of not believing in the American Dream. Chadwick was more a realist than an idealist. An idealist would have resigned from the country club. A realist stayed because he liked to play golf.

Later that evening, as he walked into the meeting room for the first session of Inner Jogging, Chadwick was feeling mellow. His run had been satisfactory, and after returning from the workout he had gone down to the baths. It had been almost sunset, with the air as cool as mint and the sky beginning to go jagged with vivid shards of purple and orange. He had slipped into a tub already occupied by a girl. Chadwick didn't feel like introducing himself. He found it hard enough introducing himself to people who had their clothes on.

"It's a lovely sunset," she said.

"I wouldn't know," Chadwick blurted "This is the first time that I've been here."

While he mentally thrashed himself for such an inane statement, another fellow came along and sat on the side of the tub. Apparently he and the girl both worked at the institute. Their conversation indicated that she designed clothes. An ironic touch, thought Chadwick, considering the circumstances. The girl spoke of a recently completed vest.

"It's polyester, but it looks just like crepe de Chine," she said.

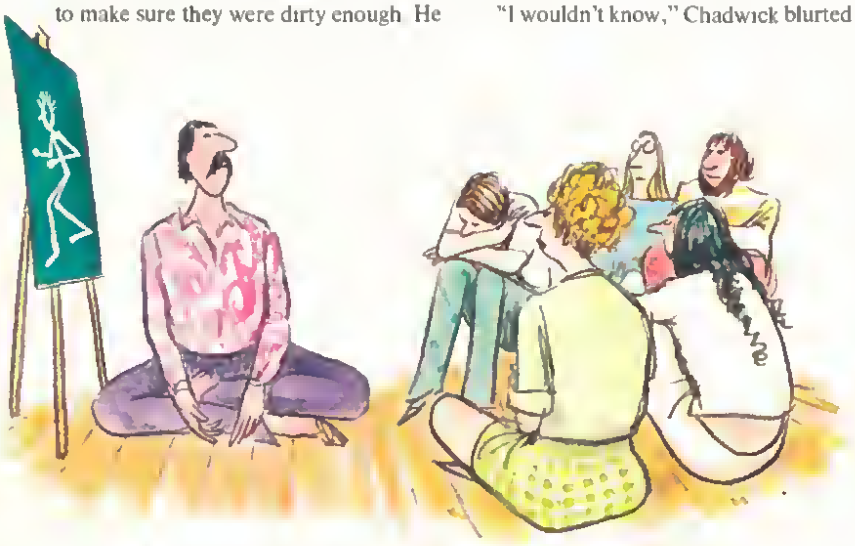
"I can't get behind synthetics," said her co-worker.

Spino was already in the meeting room when Chadwick entered. The instructor was now wearing a gauze shirt, slacks and sandals. He sat cross-legged on the floor and explained the workshop goals while Chadwick checked out the other 20 or so members of the group. He was not surprised that only three of them, two coaches and one athlete from a nearby college, appeared to be serious runners. Spino had said that most of the students picked the course at random from the Esalen catalog; most had only a cursory interest in sports.

Spino gives his clinics to diverse groups of students, many of whom have a history of cholesterol loading. He recently signed for a series of seminars at Sea Pines, a resort on Hilton Head Island, S.C. Spino is able to mingle with most groups. With businessmen he looks like Beau Brummell; at Esalen he looks like Ravi Shankar.

Chadwick could see that many of the people in the room apparently were singles like himself, although there was one married couple in their middle 40s. Chadwick spotted Larry, his roommate. Earlier that evening they had sat together at dinner. It turned out that Larry was an editor who worked at a research lab that had helped develop the neutron bomb. Also at the dinner table was a fellow whom Chadwick thought of as the Prophet of Doom because of his dire prognostications. This man was an anthropologist and, like most of them, he thought man's destiny was worse than his history.

"How long do you think we have?" he asked at one point. Chadwick looked down at his vegetarian meal. There was still quite a bit on his plate.



Run meditatingly, the instructor said, and observe your mind. But Chadwick's mind was wandering

continued

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Inner Jogging

continued



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"I don't know," someone answered.

"I give it until 1987-88," said the Prophet. "Then it's all over."

The conversation had moved on to other things, including religion, arms control, fakery, parapsychology, Alice in Wonderland, amyl nitrate, Edward Teller and magic mushrooms. The Prophet of Doom was interested that Larry worked with nuclear scientists.

"How is the morale at the plant?" he asked.

"Well, the janitors and the handymen are pretty good," Larry said. "The scientists are fairly disgruntled."

That is how it is with big companies, thought Chadwick. He once had worked for a large corporation. One day he walked into his office to discover that his desk was missing. He thought he had been replaced either with a computer or by a computer. He never found out which. Now Chadwick worked for himself, selling commercial life insurance, and he was trying to be laid back.

Chadwick tuned in to Spino's introductory talk again. "We're going to work on becoming much more conscious when we run so that we're able to observe our minds," Spino was saying. "Your workouts will become sort of a running meditation. There has been a lot of research done in other countries, especially Russia, on using the mind in sport. Basically, we'll give you three modules: running, flexibility and mental. We'll teach you different gaits and breathing techniques, give you some exercises for stretching and show you how to look at your mind and work with it."

Spino is a handsome man with dark curly hair, a smooth, untroubled face and a lithe body tuned by endless miles of running. His teachings, he told the class, were influenced by two renowned coaches: Hungary's Mihaly Igloi, whom he studied under a decade ago, and Percy Cerutty of Australia, whom Spino thinks of as the "first mystical athletic coach." Cerutty was the Jack LaLanne of his country; he lifted weights in store windows and ran 100 miles in 24 hours at the age of 50. He coached Herb Elliott in 1958 when the 19-year-old future Olympic 1,500-meter champion broke the world mile record in a stunning 3:54.5. Until he died in 1975 at the age of 80, Cerutty taught his runners to mimic the style and gaits of animals, even to bare their teeth and snarl. He claimed the locked elbow of Western athletes was the symbol of lack of creativity. Spino's dream is to incorporate the teachings and research of Igloi and Cerutty with his own and to open a training center where serious athletes can work out 12 months a year.

Meanwhile, Chadwick was focusing in on a pretty girl with frizzy blonde hair. She caught him staring at her. He quickly looked away and, in the style of people when they are caught gaping, suddenly looked back in her direction, this time training his eyes on the wall above her head. He sat like this for several minutes, wondering how long he would have to keep his head turned sideways. He was getting a definite crick in his neck.

Spino asked someone to turn off the light. He was going to take the group through a meditation. This produced anxiety in Chadwick, who never had become proficient at meditating. He never found a mantra he could get behind. Spino's voice took on a droning, caressing quality. He wanted the students to go back as far as they could in their minds and to remember their first athletic experience. After a few minutes, Chadwick's fears intensified. His stomach was giving off rumbling sounds from all of those vegetables at dinner. In the silent room it sounded like an 18-wheeler gearing down for a hill. Presently he became aware of another sound. Someone was snoring. He opened his eyes just enough so that he could see through his lashes. It was the older man who was with his wife. She gave him a sharp jab with her elbow.

Next the members of the class discussed their meditations. One woman recalled how she had practiced to be a cheerleader in high school. The night before the tryout she worked long and hard on her spins and jumps. The following day, however, she was so sore she could hardly move. She felt humiliated. It was one of her last dalliances with sport. Chadwick talked of a similar troubling episode. He had recently parked his bike outside a Manhattan office building, chaining it to a stand and taking his front wheel with him. When he had returned 10 minutes later, his bicycle was gone. He stood there, holding his front wheel. "I felt like Peter Sellers," he said.

The next morning, at Saturday breakfast, Chadwick asked Larry how things had gone down for him the previous evening. After the meditation the group had discussed the particular feelings they had uncovered. It was a kind of Think and Tell. When the class had been dismissed, Chadwick noticed that Larry had hung around to talk to one of the female students, and about 15 minutes later he came into their dorm room, grabbed a couple of towels and said he was going to the baths.

The following morning Larry was less than ebullient. "We didn't really contact," he lamented.

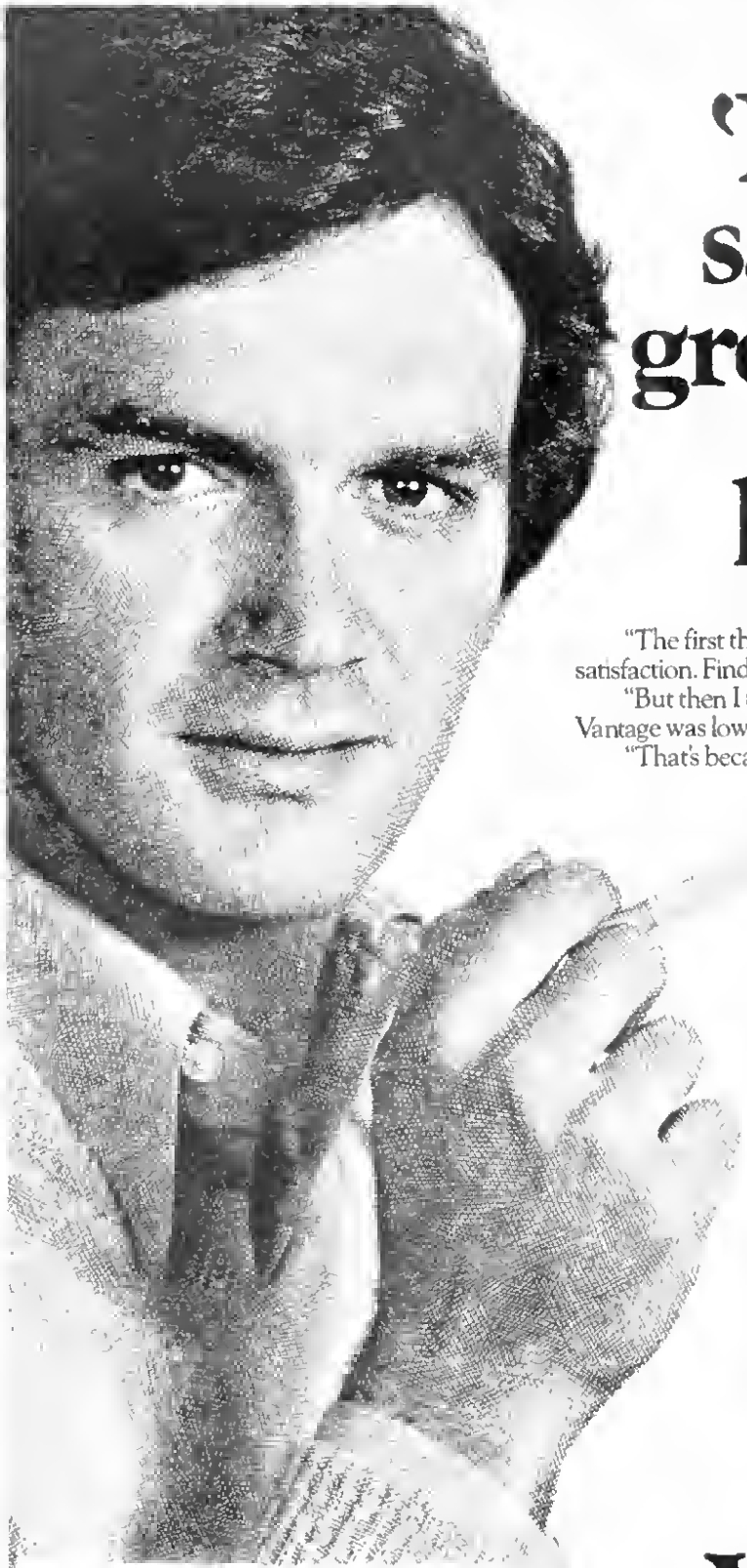
He said that they were carrying on what he perceived to be a deep discussion while sitting in one of the tubs, when he got up to get a towel. When he came back, the girl was sleeping.

"I knew she wasn't interested," said Larry. "When I was younger I made a fool of myself chasing after girls who weren't interested. Now I can tell which ones are interested. And it's not ESP, either. It's experience."

Because of space limitations at Esalen, Spino teaches the actual running part of the program on a 100-yard section of lawn sandwiched between the institute's

continued

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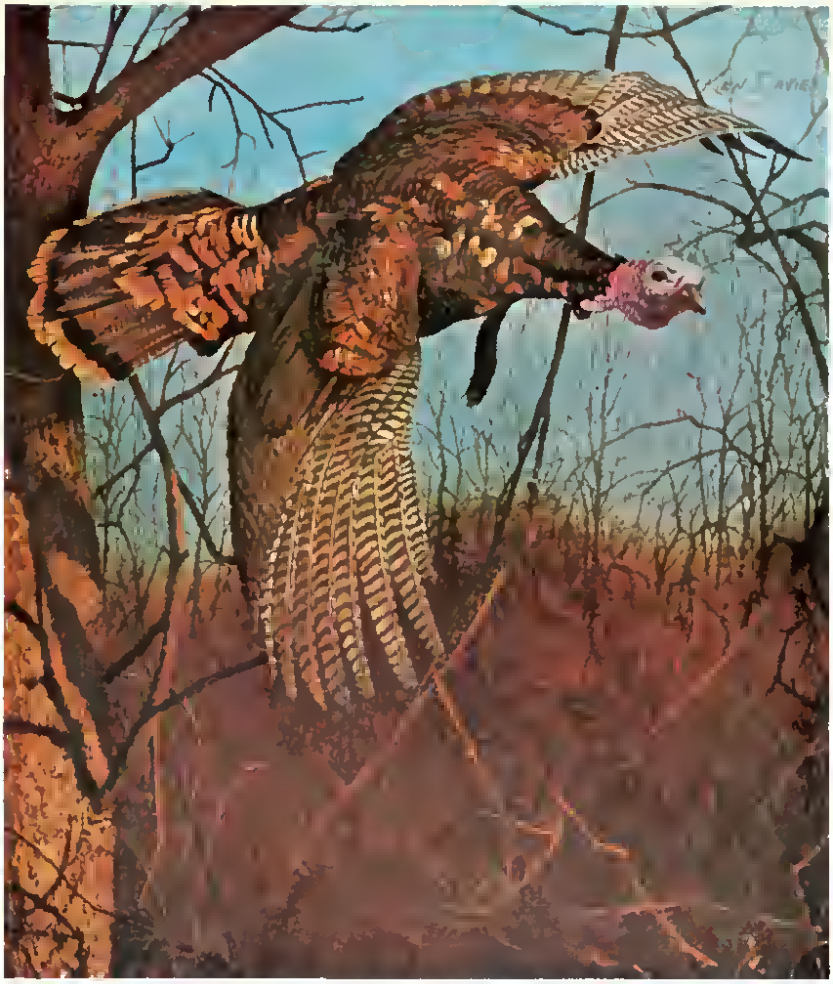


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main building and the swimming pool, which is at the edge of the cliff. After supervising stretching and limbering up, Spino took the class through various paces. He also told them to accelerate from one pace to another by drawing in a deep breath, then letting it out in a rush while emitting a sharp "ping!", a technique he referred to as "surging." For Chadwick, already burdened with the language of about 30 self-improvement courses, it was difficult to keep straight the various phrases such as "fresh swing," "shuffle" and "good swing." All this input was confusing him.

The night before, while the girl with the frizzy blonde hair had discussed her meditation, Chadwick had nicknamed her the Iron Maiden because she talked about "being a really strong person" and working 50 to 60 hours a week. She said she liked challenges and was very competitive. Chadwick had the habit of giving people nicknames. His CR group said it meant he did not have to deal with them as real persons. And now, after a few trips up and down the grassy strip, Chadwick noticed that the Iron Maiden was frazzled as well as frizzy.

"My gestalt is that you have to take deep breaths," he told her, bouncing a shade higher during his own stride.

The class moved into other areas. Spino teaches the students to imagine that their bodies are filled with helium and are very light, and to barely open their eyes when they run, a technique he calls "soft eyes." One overweight and middle-aged man had trouble with this exercise. Lumbering down the strip, his soft eyes missed seeing an uneven spot and he slipped and fell, scraping the side of a leg. He acted out his frustration by letting out a yell.

Another teaching aid Spino employs is telling the students to feel an imaginary hand in the small of their back. The hand is pushing them forward. He also has them throw out an imaginary rope and lasso a tree, then pull themselves toward the tree. He admits that much of this is too esoteric for many people; to assimilate them he suggests his students think of the ideas as coming from high school gym teachers instead of gurus.

One of the more controversial of Spino's techniques is something one might

call "energy exchange." He has the students pair off, facing one another. One holds out his hands, palms up, and the other puts his hands over them, palms down. Then they move their hands back and forth, "trapping" the energy between them. When they feel they have enough energy collected, one of them gathers it up, places it in the small of the back of the other and sends him off on a sprint down the grassy strip. At the lunch break, the Iron Maiden complained that she did not get anything out of the exercise.

"My partner had such low energy," she said. "I'm a high-energy person. So she took all of mine and didn't give me any back. That's why I'm so tired."

"Yeah, that happens," agreed Chadwick, deciding to be supportive instead of right up front. He really wondered if the true reason for the girl's physical distress might be that she never before had jogged half a mile. "I'm a high-energy person, too," he said.

Just then the Prophet of Doom joined them. It seemed he had a friend at Esalen trying to heal himself from disease. The Prophet did not believe in doctors or test tubes. "At 70, when they tell you you're terminal," the Prophet said, "it gives you a great amount of freedom. Because in your 70s you're terminal anyway."

"That's the cosmic overview," agreed Chadwick.

During the afternoon session, the class worked on "tidal breathing." "Imagine that you are riding the crest of a wave as you exhale," Spino said. "Breathe in as the wave builds, out as it crests. Ride the wave. Go with the wave. Let it flow." Then they moved on to mystical things. Many people have talked about how running alters their mental attitude, that after about six miles they reach a changed state of consciousness where their bodies feel very light and efficient. Spino's idea is that by meditating before you run, you can reach this altered state at the beginning of a workout.

The class met on the patio outside the dining hall. Much of Chadwick's attention was diverted toward the swimming pool, where the sunbathers were out in force. Maybe it was a special class the institute offered, he thought. Spino's words snapped him back. Spino was asking the students to close their eyes and to begin counting their breaths. Then he had them stand up and concentrate their eyes on a spot near their feet.

"Focus your mind inward," Spino said.

Chadwick's mind was like a recalcitrant umbrella caught in a high wind. It would not go inside out. It kept returning to the swimming pool.

The group edged across the patio single file like fitful sleepwalkers, inching forward, then stopping. Slowly they moved down a short set of steps to the grassy running area. Chadwick noticed that people without clothes on were also lying about on the lawn. Maybe they were grad students in sunbathing. He focused inward again.

The idea was to run a complete circuit around the lawn: straight down a slight incline, past a large pine tree until you came to a vegetable garden, then toward the ocean for about 30 yards—careful not to continue off the cliff—next back up the hill and past the swimming pool, all the time considering the thoughts in your mind. If your concentration was broken, you were supposed to stop, get yourself centered, then start again.

Since meditating was not his thing, Chadwick decided to get into a macho trip. Instead of stopping, he would just keep jogging farther than anyone else. Maybe the Iron Maiden would notice. He was on about his fourth circuit when he first heard it, but he did not believe it. He decided to listen carefully the next time around.

"Hup, two, three, four," said a girl lying on a towel on the grass. "Hup, two, three, four." It was the same chant onlookers mocked him with whenever he ran in Central Park.

That evening, after the class had viewed several films, one of which showed Cerutty illustrating the disadvantages of the bent elbow, Chadwick headed down to the baths. He had to drive to San Francisco that night for his race the next morning and thought it might be cool to relax and rap a little. No one was around except a man and a woman sitting in a tub. The man was staring soulfully into the woman's eyes.

"This is the one spot, the one place in the world where I feel like my inner self is at peace," he said.

"Oh, really?" she answered.

Chadwick fidgeted before the start of the race, trying to stay mellow. It was Sunday morning. The event was being held in Woodside, on the peninsula below San Francisco. It had been organized by a group of pro football players. As everyone milled around before the start, Chadwick got high on all the energy. He felt some good vibes, like he had just watched a great instant replay.

But a mile or so into the race, the feeling had left. Chadwick felt drained, ready to quit. He was either running at a "good swing" or a "fast shuffle"—he could not remember which. Suddenly he became aware of a huffing sound. Directly in front of him was a large man of the dimensions appropriate for pro football. His breaths were exploding in bursts. Chadwick thought that the big man sounded just like a locomotive.

He decided to hook up with him. He imagined a large hand in his back pushing him along, with the locomotive in front pulling him. He started to get into it. His body felt lighter. The theme from *Rocky* started playing in his head. He liked the space he was getting into.

When it was all over, Chadwick slumped against a car. The finish had come quicker than he had expected. Suddenly it was there. Chadwick half-expected something awful to happen. He thought of that dog in Tennessee. But he had made it. Easily, in fact. Then he went off to organize his feelings.

He had completed his first race. The first day of the rest of his life. He was really together. He finally had found something he truly could get behind.

Then he noticed a girl standing nearby dressed in a red, white and blue outfit that included knee pads. She was on roller skates. The girl told Chadwick that she had roller-skated the entire race.

"It's a new space I'm in," she said. "Roller skating is the latest thing. Disco-skating, skating to work. It's like what's really happening."

"Oh, really," said Chadwick. "I didn't know. . . ." END

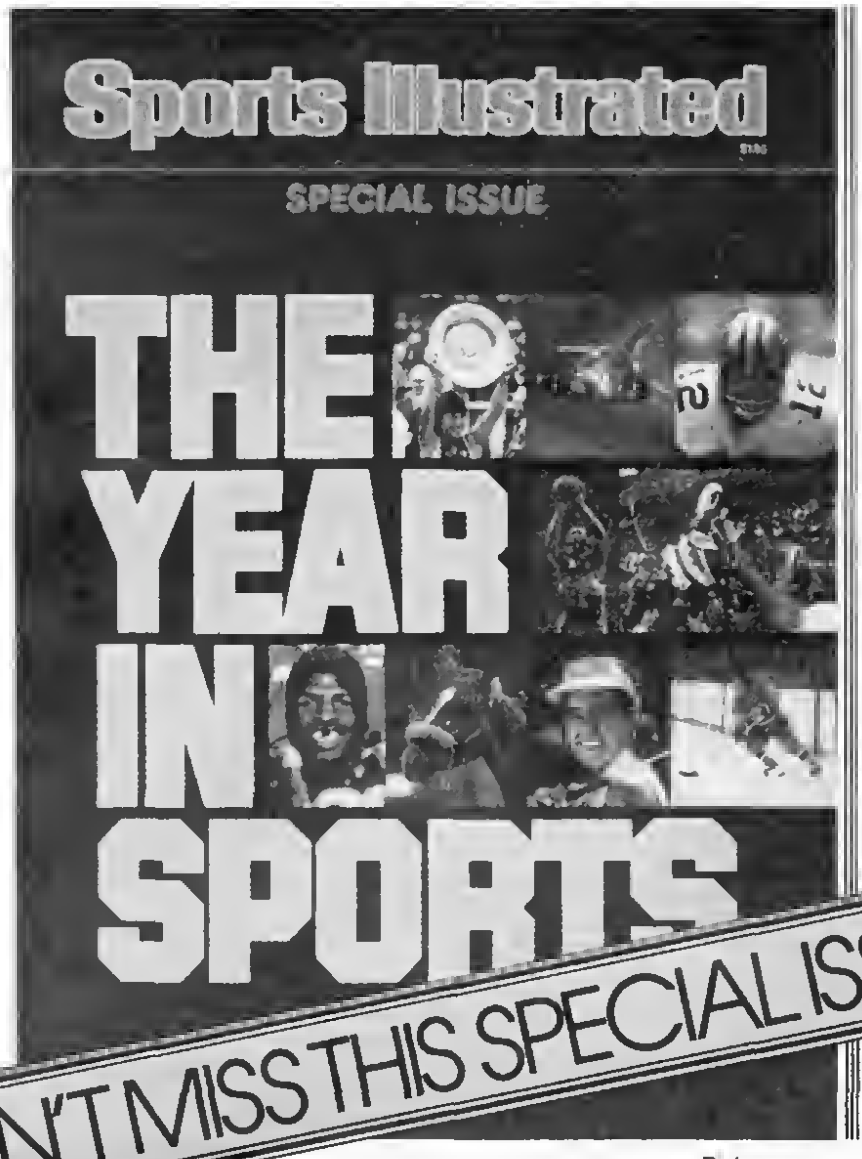
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 15-21

BADMINTON—LIEN SWIE KING of Indonesia beat countryman Lie Sumirat 15–8, 15–8 to win the World Champions Cup in Tokyo. LENE KOPPEN of Denmark defeated Horie Yuki of Japan 11–7, 11–6 for the women's title.

PRO BASKETBALL—With John Drew, who is averaging 24 points, leading the way, Atlanta extended its winning streak to six games. Drew scored 106 points as the Hawks defeated Houston 115–105, Portland 111–110 and New Orleans 118–94 and climbed to within three games of first-place San Antonio in the Central Division. Before dropping a 118–113 decision to the Trail Blazers, who had lost nine of their last 10 games, the Spurs ended Denver's six-game winning streak by a score of 119–101. San Antonio's George Gervin and Larry Kenon scored 30 and 29 points, respectively, while Nuggets David Thompson and George McGinnis combined for only 33. Two nights later Gervin and Kenon hit for 57 points between them, but Midwest Division leader Kansas City edged the Spurs 115–113 for its fifth straight victory. The Kings' streak was then broken when Detroit, winner of just three of its last 12 contests, beat the Kings 122–110. Bob Lanier had 27 points and rookie John Long 25 for the Pistons. In another upset, Cedric Maxwell pumped in 29 points as Boston won for the third time in 10 starts, defeating Philadelphia 108–102. The 76ers, who were 2–1 and second in the Atlantic Division, fell 3½ games behind first-place Washington, which won all four of its games. Paced by Dennis Johnson, who averaged 25.7 a game, Seattle increased its Pacific Division lead to 1½ games. After losing 108–99 to second-place Los Angeles, which was 1–2 for the week, the Sonics defeated Chicago 107–101 despite a 30-point effort from Artis Gilmore, and Indiana 112–102.

BOWLING—STEVE COOK defeated Earl Anthony 229–180 to win a $100,000 PBA tournament in Alameda, Calif.

BOXING—ANTONIO CERVANTES of Colombia rallied to win a unanimous decision over Miguel Montilla of the Dominican Republic and retain his WBA junior welterweight crown in New York City.

PRO FOOTBALL—Pittsburgh defeated Dallas 35–31 in the Super Bowl *(page 8)*.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Rangers had an erratic week that began in Atlanta, where Don Murdoch, playing his second game following his 40-game suspension, scored three times in the third period to lift New York to a 6–4 defeat of the Flames. The next night Minnesota's Tim Young scored five times in an 8–1 rout of the Rangers that ended their five-game winning streak. Then, in their best performance of the season, the Rangers beat the Islanders 5–3 as Goalie John Davidson won his seventh straight game and Islander Goalie Glenn Resch lost for the first time in 24 starts. The Islanders' Denis Potvin, whose 59 points are tops among defensemen in the league, suffered a separated shoulder and will be sidelined about two weeks. In their final outing the Rangers, who are second in the Patrick Division, 13 points behind the Islanders, dropped a 3–2 decision to St. Louis. Earlier the Blues, who had not beaten the Rangers since November 1976, defeated slumping Adams Division leader Boston for the first time since October of the same year. Two days later the Bruins avenged the 5–2 loss with a 4–0 victory that snapped a three-game losing streak. Boston completed the week with a 2–1 loss to Buffalo. Serge Savard's goal, with 28 seconds remaining, gave Norris Division leader Montreal a 2–2 tie with Vancouver in a game that saw Guy Lafleur's consecutive-game scoring streak end at 23, five shy of his own league record. The Canadiens then trounced Los Angeles 7–3 behind Pat Hughes' hat trick and skated to a 5–5 deadlock with Philadelphia, which was 0–1–3 for the week. Chicago maintained a two-point lead over the Canucks in the Smythe Division despite losing two of three, including a 4–2 decision in New York to the Islanders, who remain unbeaten after 23 games this season on home ice and lead the NHL in points and goals.

WHA: Quebec moved to a four-point lead over second-place New England with a 4–2 defeat of the Whalers and a 10–1 trouncing of Winnipeg. The victory over the Jets featured two-goal performances by Real Cloutier, Marc Tardif and Alain Coté. Nine players scored for Edmonton in its 11–3 rout of Birmingham, which lost all four of its games. The Oilers also beat the Jets 3–1 and 6–3. New England had lost three in a row—all at home—before winning a 3–1 decision over Cincinnati, which had won three consecutive games. During the Cincy streak, Robbie Ftorek, who leads the league in points with 72, had seven goals and five assists.

HORSE RACING—RADAR AHEAD ($10.40). Darrel McHargue up, won the $114,200 San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita by 2¼ lengths over 1978 Triple Crown winner Affirmed. The 4-year-old winner covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:48. It was Affirmed's fifth loss in a row since winning the Jim Dandy Stakes last August in Saratoga, N.Y. *(page 40)*

MOTOR SPORTS—JACQUES LAFFITE of France, averaging 197.587 mph in his Legier JS11, won the Argentine Grand Prix in Buenos Aires by 14.94 seconds over Carlos Reutemann of Argentina in a Lotus 79. The race was marred by an accident in the opening seconds that caused a 75-minute delay and forced eight cars to drop out.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Eddie Dibbs 6–2, 3–6, 7–5 to win a $175,000 WCT tournament in Birmingham, Ala.

HAROLD SOLOMON beat Marty Riessen 7–5, 6–4 to win a $75,000 Grand Prix tournament in Towson, Md.

TRACK & FIELD—Running in the 55-meter high hurdles at the U.S. Olympic Invitational meet in New York City, RENALDO NEHEMIAH of the University of Maryland broke the world indoor record for both that event and the 60-yard high hurdles *(page 21)*. His time of 6.88 was .07 of a second faster than the record he and Greg Foster of UCLA set in a dead-heat finish in the 60-yard high hurdles at the Philadelphia Classic the night before. Also at the Olympic Invitational TODD SCULLY of Blacksburg, Va. set a world indoor record for the 1,500-meter walk. His time was 5:40.0.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As football coach at Iowa State, DONNIE DUNCAN, 38, who for the past six years has been an assistant at Oklahoma. Duncan succeeds Earle Bruce, who has been hired to replace Woody Hayes at Ohio State.

RESIGNED: Effective at the conclusion of this season, Southern California Basketball Coach BOB BOYD, 48, who in 12½ seasons has a 205–129 record, including a record of 9–5 this season. Against crosstown rival UCLA, the Trojans have lost 22 straight home games and 18 successive away games.

TRADED: By the Boston Celtics, Forward BILLY KNIGHT, 26, to the Indiana Pacers for 22-year-old Center Forward RICK ROBEY. Knight has averaged 23.7 points in four seasons in the NBA and ABA and is scoring 13.9 a game this year. Robey, a rookie from Kentucky, is averaging 8.6 points.

CREDITS

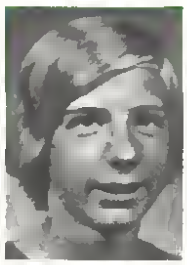
4—Arnold Newman. **8, 9**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **10, 11**—Tony Tomsic (top), Peter Read Miller (bottom left), Walter Iooss Jr. **12, 13**—(clockwise from left) Peter Read Miller, Heinz Kluetmeier, John Iacono, Tony Tomsic, Tony Triolo, Heinz Kluetmeier. **14**—Bob East III-Fort Lauderdale News. **15**—James Drake. **16, 17**—George Tiedemann. **18**—George Tiedemann (top), Lane Stewart (2). **34**—Carl Iwasak. **38**—Richard Mackson. **42**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **44, 47**—Lane Stewart. **61**—Pete Pavlavie-Beaver Falls (Pa.) News Tribune (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



KENNETH JOHNSON
GRANFIELD, OKLA.

Kenneth, a senior at Granfield High, scored a state record 105 points in the Bearcats' 120–65 win over Terral. The 6′1″ guard hit 45 of 85 shots from the field and 15 of 16 from the line before leaving the 32-minute game with 5:23 to play.



BRIAN LUDWIG
RANDALLSTOWN, MD.

Brian, 16, set a world record in duckpin bowling for boys 16–18 with a three-game-set score of 508. His 222 in the second game was also a world mark. Earlier his five-boy team set one-game (745) and three-game (2,159) world team records.



BARRY TOATES
BOSTON

Toates, a 29-year-old teaching pro, defeated Graham Hyland 3–6, 6–5, 6–4, 6–2 to win the U.S. Open Court Tennis title in New York City. The week before, he lost in the finals of the U.S. Professional Court Tennis championship.



CANDY YOUNG
BEAVER FALLS, PA.

Candy, a 16-year-old junior at Beaver Falls High School, won the women's 60-yard hurdles at the Philadelphia Track Classic. Her time of 7.07, a national high school girls' record, was .21 of a second off the world mark for women.



SAM BOWIE
LEBANON, PA.

Sam, a 7′1″ Lebanon High senior and perhaps the prize of this year's class according to college basketball recruiters, is averaging 31.2 points, 19.5 rebounds and six blocked shots. Against West York, Sam had 45 points and 24 rebounds.



ALICIA McCONNELL
BROOKLYN

Alicia, a sophomore at Manhattan's Loyola School, beat Kathy Castle 15–4, 16–4, 15–7 in Newport, R.I., to win her second straight national under-16 squash racquets title. It was her third title in three weeks without the loss of a game.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DALLAS VS. L.A.

Sir:

Because of injuries, Los Angeles played the whole game against Dallas without its top running back (Lawrence McCutcheon), three quarters without its No. 2 running back (John Cappelletti) and the last quarter without its quarterback (Pat Haden). Yet the focus of Dan Jenkins' article (*Thundering Toward Miami*, Jan. 15) appears to be Tom Landry's coaching skill. I think he missed something.

ROB HILLBERG
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sir:

In recent years the word on the Minnesota Vikings has been that they can't win the big games. My question is when are people going to start saying the same thing about the Rams? The Rams have won their division the last six seasons but have yet to gain a Super Bowl berth.

BOB NELSON
Parkers Prairie, Minn.

SUPER WINNERS

Sir:

I'm sorry to see SI buttress a false standard of greatness by noting that this year's NFL champion becomes the first team to win three Super Bowls (*Pouncing on a Championship*, Jan. 15). So what? Has everyone forgotten that the NFL had a championship game for 34 years before the Super Bowl came along? Only when Dallas, Pittsburgh or any other team wins six titles in eight years, as Green Bay did from 1961 to 1968, will it reach the same level of greatness that those Packers achieved.

DAVID L. NICANDRI
Tumwater, Wash.

IMAGES

Sir:

The cover photograph ("Splashdown to the Super Bowl") of the Jan. 15 issue is fantastic. Even more fantastic are the photographs accompanying the two articles on the NFL playoff games.

BILL KUGELMAN
Carteret, N.J.

Sir:

Your double-page photograph of the Oilers and Steelers catches Pittsburgh's Mike Webster throwing one of the sweetest left crosses I've ever seen.

BILL CHRISTINE
Lake Success, N.Y.

DILER FANS

Sir:

Question: Where would you find 50,000 chanting, pompon-waving, singing fans on a cold Sunday evening following a 34-5 loss? Answer: nowhere else but in the Houston Astrodome.

During the week before the AFC championship game between the Oilers and the Steelers, Houston had Oilermania. Cars were painted with GO, OILERS, GO signs and other slogans. Bank lobbies were decorated with Oiler pennants and balloons.

But, you say, all good things must come to an end, and after a devastating loss such as that one to Pittsburgh you would normally be right—except that Houston Oiler fans are not normal fans.

A local radio station, KILT, in cooperation with the Astrodome front office, decided to hold a pep rally for the Oilers upon their return from Pittsburgh, win or lose. It was to be the largest pep rally ever held, and it became a reality. The huge crowd waited for three hours to see the team enter the Dome at 11 p.m. that night, and then stayed another hour to honor Oiler players and coaches.

The city of Houston obviously has the most loyal fans in the country. I'm just wondering what would have happened if the Oilers had gone on to win the Super Bowl.

MARK D. NIEDERT
Houston

CHERRY AND THE RETREADS

Sir:

I just don't understand how you can refer to the Boston Bruins' roster as "largely filled with retreads" (*The Wrath of Grapes*, Jan. 15). I agree that Coach Don Cherry has a talent for getting something extra out of every hockey player, but to call players like Jean Ratelle, Peter McNab and Wayne Cashman retreads is going too far.

HENRY WAGNER JR.
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

How could a team with a roster "largely filled with retreads" be in the finals with the Montreal Canadiens two years in a row? I did not see the New York Islanders, the Buffalo Sabres, the Toronto Maple Leafs or the Philadelphia Flyers there.

The Bruins have players who should be on any all-star team. I hope Bill Torrey and Scotty Bowman keep that fact in mind when they select the rest of the NHL squad for the Russian series.

LARRY CRUISE
Moreland Hills, Ohio

Sir:

Don Cherry's endorsement of fighting as a hockey stratagem leads me to the inescapable conclusion that the Bruins aren't very good.

Television has found hockey to be a bomb, and I suspect that a major reason for this sport's decline is the belief that fighting is a part of the game. Cherry's condemnation of the intellectuals (those who insist upon the purity of hockey) is ironic. Frankly, I'd rather have his dog Blue.

JOHN BIRNEY
Lockport, Ill.

Sir:

When a man is against the wearing of helmets in a game such as ice hockey, he has to be some kind of nut. I am not impressed with Cherry's thinking.

STACY CAMPBELL JR.
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir:

I have never enjoyed any article more than the one about Don Cherry. Jerry Kirshenbaum lets everyone in on the humor and wit of the Bruin coach. We here in New England see evidence of these qualities on the ice and in the news every week. Cherry is the reason for the Bruins' success. The front office would be foolish to let him go.

MARK WYSPIANSKI
Milford, Mass.

NHL ALL-STARS

Sir:

SI has said some outrageous things in its time, but the statement that Tony Esposito is not a first-team all-star tops them all (SCORECARD, Jan. 15). You could be right about the other five players, but not about Esposito. Just look at the box scores and see how many shots Esposito faces. Few teams have had as poor a defense as the Black Hawks for the past five years, but, in my opinion, no goaltender has been as steady as Esposito. That isn't to say that Ken Dryden or a few others aren't superb goaltenders, but look at the difference in strength of the teams they play for! If Esposito starts for the NHL against the Soviets next month, the world will see just how good he is.

BARRY M. ROZNER
Wilmette, Ill.

Sir:

You said that New York Rangers Pat Hickey, Ulf Nilsson, Anders Hedberg and Ron Greschner do not qualify as starters on the NHL all-star team. Although the "Swede 16" line hasn't been tearing up the league, it has been doing a fine job. Greschner is the second leading scorer for all defensemen in the league. And Nilsson and Hedberg have valuable experience in international play. When the series with the Russians comes along, I think the fans will be proved right in their selections.

GREG BERNHARDT
Nutley, N.J.

continued

5 MILES A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."



Mavis Lindgren and an estimated 10 million other joggers in America feel running keeps them healthy. It's something Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans believe in, too. We're convinced that people who exercise and stay fit help slow down the rise in health care costs.

Of course, there are other effective ways to fight rising costs besides asking you to stay fit. To do it, we've initiated many programs with doctors and hospitals.

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But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

But if you're concerned about high health care costs, do as Mavis Lindgren and millions of other Americans are doing.

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For a free booklet, "Food and Fitness," or for information on how your company can view a special film, "You Can't Buy Health," write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680.

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BOBBY D & CO.

Sir:

As a member of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association, I take offense at Curry Kirkpatrick's remark that Norfolk State is "an obscure enough institution except for its celebrity in the vast reaches of the CIAA" (*A Bullet of the Highest Caliber*, Jan. 15). We may not have the publicity of the ACC or the Big Ten, but we are known in some circles for producing not only the Bullets' Bobby Dandridge but also Sam Jones, Al Attles, Earl Monroe, Curly Neal, Twiggy Saunders, Marvin Webster, Mike Gale, Mike Davis and others.

PHILIP J. BUSHER
Sports Information Director
Johnson C. Smith University
Charlotte, N.C.

Sir:

Bobby Dandridge the best small forward in pro basketball? Come on! He doesn't compare to Marques Johnson, and no one else does either.

JOHN T. LEVIN
Glendale, Ariz.

DON GARLITS

Sir:

Fifteen years ago, when I was a 17-year-old hot-rodding punk, Big Daddy Garlits was the ace of drag racing, and had been for years. So now I open the Jan. 15 issue of SI and discover that he is still the best in the world at what he loves to do (*He Just Keeps Rollin' Along*). It did my soul good.

FRANK OSLICK
Seattle

REGRETS

Sir:

I had to write after reading your article on *The American Sportsman* series (TV/RADIO, Jan. 8). I've watched this once truly fine show deteriorate over the years from 100% hunting and fishing to ballooning, bird-watching and sky diving. These activities are all right, but why deprive us avid sportsmen, who used to really look forward to this good show, of a program of our own?

STEVE (GOOSE) KAYLOR
Cerritos, Calif.

BOWL COVERAGE

Sir:

I am offended by William Oscar Johnson's reference in his TV/RADIO column (Jan. 15) on college bowl game coverage to "a 30-foot bicycle pedaled by a dozen fez-wearing Shriners, who must have been sober." We Shriners may party but we never forget our foremost obligation to support Shriner hospitals for crippled or burned children. I am honored and happy to wear a fez.

C. F. MYERS
Westminster, Md.

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